CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM

Why thousands of teachers are leaving the profession—by CELIA LEWIS

NEW MASSES

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BEHIND THE ANTI-WILLKIE SMEAR

by Bruce Minton

THIS IS STALIN

by A. B. Magil

PATRIOT IN PRISON

The story of Morris U. Schappes—By Richard O. Boyer

HOLY NIGHT, SILENT NIGHT

by Ruth McKenney

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: Postwar Plans for Culture, *by Samuel Sillen;* How to Win an Election, *by Peter V. Cacchione;* Behind the Czech-Soviet Pact, *by K. V. Kudrna;* Canada Looks Ahead, *by Stanley B. Ryerson;* Tactics and Strategy, *by Colonel T.*

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NM SPOTLIGHT

First on the Agenda

WHILE President Roosevelt was in the Near East laying the foundation of the anti-fascist coalition to destroy the Axis and build the peace, forces were at work on the home front undermining domestic unity. They defeated the soldiers' vote bill in the Senate; the House refused to permit food subsidies; and sixteen southern railways, supported by the railroad brotherhoods and abetted by the House Smith Committee, have arrogantly defied the rulings of the President's Fair Employment Practices Committee against discrimination in hiring. The disrupters chalked up what they first considered "victories"; yet their achievements have a hollow ring and even the so-called victors have begun to suspect that their finagling may not pay off as they had hoped.

The fact is, the majority of congressional poll-taxers and their Republican allies uneasily wonder if they have gone too far. The outraged protests over the Senate's refusal to grant the soldiers the ballot has set them back on their heels. The effort to kill subsidies has aroused the indignation of labor and the consuming public. The railway employers' bald-faced defiance of the FEPC has proved about as popular as the flu. The reactionaries have outgrown their pants, which is mighty uncomfortable.

The opportunity to take the initiative away from the die-hard bloc in Congress has never been better since the war began. The bloc has already begun a "disengaging" action—they have temporarily extended the life of the Commodity Credit Corporation and they talk of subsidy "compromises"; the House is "reconsidering" the Senate action on the soldiers' vote; it is hinted that perhaps the southern railways can even see their way to abiding by the FEPC order, as the Union Pacific and the Virginia railway companies have.

Teheran committed the nation to coalition. The reactionaries are behind the times with their divisive policies which endanger the prosecution of the war. The moment for nation-wide action is *now*. A wire or a letter written today can have powerful influence. National unity will be preserved if each of us takes an hour off to write a few letters, if each of us persuades his friends to do the same, if each of us stirs up his fellow members in lodges, church groups, fraternal bodies, community clubs, union locals, and every other organization.

To enforce the FEPC ruling, wire or write to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, White House, Washington, D. C., supporting his determined fight against discrimination. Wire or write to Chairman Malcolm Ross of the FEPC, Room 408, 10th and U Streets, N.W., Washington, D.C., commending his forthright stand against the sixteen rebellious southern railway companies.

To pass the soldiers' vote bill, wire or write your Congressman (all representatives can be reached by addressing them at the House Office Building, Washington, D.C.) and your senator (Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C.). Also wire or write to Rep. Eugene Worley, chairman of the Committee on Election of President, Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress urging him to continue to give his full support to the soldiers' vote bill he has sponsored, the counterpart of the Senate Lucas-Green bill. It will be effective to write to the majority leader, Rep. John McCormack, who has fought for the Lucas-Green bill, and to minority leader, Rep. Joseph Martin, who has done everything to prevent the soldiers from voting. If your congressman's name appears on the following roster of the Election Committee, by all means write to him urging the Committee to report the original Lucas-Green-Worley bill to the House without delay:

Democrats Eugene Worley, chairman, Texas; John Rankin, Mississippi; Herbert Bonner, North Carolina; Carter Manasco, Alabama; John Gibson, Georgia; Daniel K. Hoch, Pennsylvania; John Lesinski, Michigan; Ewart Hart, New Jersey.

Republicans Ralph Gamble, New York; Karl M. LeCompte, Iowa; Harris Ellsworth, Oregon; Chas. W. Vursell, Illinois; Leon Gavin, Pennsylvania.

To authorize subsidies, needed if we are to have real price-control and prevent inflation, wire or write to your senators at once, and to your congressman.

Working on the Railroads

AS WE go to press the President has met with representatives of railroad management and labor, and progress has been achieved in the efforts to avert the strike called for December 30. The entire country hopes that the issue will be resolved so that our transportation system will continue unhalted. It is important, however, that the country understand the vital issues under discussion: more is at stake here than even the just demands of the railwaymen—at bottom is the relevance of the Little Steel formula to today's war economy. At bottom, ultimately, is the question of congressional sabotage of the President's all-over economic program.

The present crisis matured when the 350,000 members of the operating unions, engaged in protracted negotiations before the Railway Mediation Board, took the strike vote—as directed by statute—so that the issue could be presented before the President. Having asked for a thirty percent increase in pay, the operating unions were shocked when the emergency board of the National Railway Labor Panel recommended a paltry four cents an hour wage increase, in reality a tenth of what the workers sought. The recommendation was rejected and the strike vote taken.

Full comprehension of the question requires knowledge of the following factors: railroad wages have not kept pace with increases in the cost of living, nor with wage standards in other industries. As a matter of fact, many thousands of trained railwaymen have been obliged to leave the industry for jobs that pay enough to make ends meet. Nonetheless railway labor has done a sterling job, under conditions of extreme hardship, but the resultant shortage in skilled manpower has been a contributory factor in the increased number of tragic railroad wrecks. Railway labor, too, points to the fact that management has been reaping unprecedented profits since the war, profits which in a major sense derive from the lamentably low wages paid.

Behind all these factors lies the sinister work of the congressional saboteurs. Having scuttled the President's stabilization program, they seek to make political capital by shunting the blame for the railroadmen's plight upon the administration. (True, Messrs. Byrnes and Vinson have contributed to the dangerous muddle by their mechanical application of the Little Steel formula.) At bottom is the need for railway labor to work with the rest of the labor movement in an all-embracing political program to effect such wage adjustments and price subsidies as to assure price control. The times require a common front with the President and all who are battling the saboteurs in Congress whose policies are inviting inflation. If these factors are kept in the forefront, we are certain common ground will be found in the discussions before the President, and a railroad strike, which nobody wants, will be averted.

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Political Football

THERE is no doubt but that John R. Longo of Jersey City, who has been sentenced to eighteen months to three years on a charge of altering his voting record, is the victim of a frameup. Longo was forced to go to trial by Common Pleas Justice Thomas H. Brown without being represented by a lawyer. He was convicted on the flimsiest kind of evidence and it has been charged that evidence tending to prove his innocence was suppressed by Hudson County Prosecutor Daniel O'Regan. Judge Brown continued the persecution of Longo by denying him bail pending appeal of his conviction. Finally a certificate of reasonable doubt was issued by the Chief Justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court and Longo is now out on bail.

Quite different treatment has been accorded to a man who was a co-defendant of Longo, J. Owen Grundy, who turned state's evidence. Despite his plea of guilty, Grundy has not yet been sentenced. His very whereabouts are unknown except to the county prosecutor in whose custody he was released. The famed Jersey justice is evidently in no hurry to square accounts with this self-confessed forger of voting records.

The Longo case has been further complicated by the fact that it has become a political football in the feud between Governor Edison and Mayor Hague of Jersey City which has split the state Democratic Party into two warring factions. Longo has for years been an opponent of Hague, and Hague's henchmen are trying to settle scores with him. On the other hand, some of Longo's supporters are motivated by something other than a passion for justice. They are using this case to fan factional fires in the hope that they will not leave the White House unscathed. Both those responsible for Longo's conviction and those who use the mask of friendship to seek ulterior ends are bringing grist to the mill of the Republican reactionaries.

There are two reasons why John Longo should be freed. First, because he is innocent; second, because his freedom will scotch the attempts to smear the Roosevelt administration with this case.

Unmasking Time

AXIS agents and those who, wittingly or unwittingly, act on their behalf are being steadily driven into the open. There was a time, for instance, when the Sinarchists and Falangists were able to adopt purely demagogic approaches in their Latin American operations. Today, as the United Nations prepare to close in for the final blows

THE WEEK BEFORE XMAS

THE man who wrote that famous letter, the one saying that there **is** a Santa Claus, didn't know the half of it. At least that's the way we feel when we look at some facts and figures these last days before Christmas. The figures concern the mounting totals in our subscription drive, and we hope you will feel as good about them as we do. Here is the record to date on new subs received since the drive started: September, October, and November, 3,122; December (to date) 912; total, 4,034.

Notice that we say on the last month, "to date." That's important. True, by the time this issue of the magazine reaches you, there may be just one week left before January 1, the deadline for the 5,000 new subs. But as we write this there are still two weeks—and it has long been our experience that the best results usually come in a rush at the last.

We're counting on that final rush. Because, actually, we need 976 more subs before we can start cheering.

Which brings us to the subject of New Year's. Have you ever made New Year's resolutions in advance of the day itself—even in advance of Christmas? Because that's what we are asking you to do this year. We're asking you to resolve, first, to mail to us immediately any new subs you have secured but have neglected to send in; and second, to put one big, final push behind your personal drive to secure new subscribers. In other words we want January 1 or the week after—allowing for delays in the mail—to mark the date of victory in this campaign. We want to be able to report back to you that you have succeeded; that **New Masses** embarks on the great year 1944 with an audience widened by 5,000 and its own effectiveness heightened by this fact. And, as we hardly need to tell you, that achievement is **yours.** We hope you will rejoice in it as we will.

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against Hitlerism in Europe, fascists and their dupes are forced to adopt more open tactics. The Argentine government clique, for example, has thrown off all pretense of concealing its fascist intentions. Msgr. Fulton Sheen did not employ doubletalk in his recent visit to Mexico—he brazenly called upon the Mexican people to overthrow President Avila Camacho's government. And so it is with Sen. Hugh Butler, Republican of Nebraska, who, basing himself upon completely unfounded statistics and other alleged facts, has blasted the Good Neighbor Policy as a vast boondoggling project which he tries to make us believe is breeding hatreds and suspicion and contempt for the United States.

It is immaterial whether Senator Butler is a fascist sympathizer or merely a stooge. What matters is that his remarks are grist for the Axis mill. He has said precisely what the Sinarchists, the Falange, the other fifth columnists and their principals in Berlin and Tokyo would like to have had him say. And it is by no means accidental that simultaneously with his report to the Senate an article with the same content appeared over his signature in the *Reader's Digest*. Senator Guffey on the floor of the Senate accused that magazine of being behind Butler's hasty tour of Latin America and characterized it as "a tool and toy of a power-crazed publisher" who is "willing to torpedo the solidarity of the Western Hemisphere."

Secretary of State Cordell Hull has branded Butler's charges as "wholly indefensible" and described them as containing "unfortunate allegations," "gross misrepresentations," "inaccuracies," and "fallacies." Senator McKellar, a conservative Tennessean, has proved that Butler's figures are just ninety-five percent wrong. Throughout Latin America all but fascists were quick to deny Butler's charges. A Mexican Deputy typified the democratic masses' reaction when he said: "As peace draws near, and as Nazism faces military defeat, the reactionary forces seek to cheat the people of the peace, so that that imperialism which began to be liquidated by the Good Neighbor Policy may reign again."

Struggle in Italy

THE news from Italy is a mixture of good and bad with one inevitably diluting the other. Our armies inch forward under the grueling handicaps of terrain and weather. We have taken San Pietro, a battle that will go down as among the fiercest and bloodiest of the Mediterranean campaign, opening the way to Cassino on the road to Rome. In these encounters Italian troops demonstrated their valor after the mauling they took a few days before when they charged up Mount Lungo and suffered many casualties. Their courage has earned them high praise from Lieutenant General Clark. And farther north, in territory held by the Nazis, the struggle also quickens. Guerrilla detachments increase in number. In the Lago Maggiore area there has been extensive sabotage of Wehrmacht communications and transport. Elsewhere, on the Hitlerites' own admission, guerrillas have killed 160 fascist district leaders and twenty-six German officers. In Piedmont and in Lombardy the story is pretty much the same. There have been serious disturbances in the streets of Milan, Turin, and Ferrara. In Florence, Blackshirts and Nazis were besieged for almost a week in the Borgo Allegri quarter. The uprising could be quelled only by use of fresh panzer forces but the next day metal workers struck the city's principal mills under the slogans "Bread" and "Out With the Germans."

From all reports the battle in northern Italy is acquiring a mass character. But it is to the south, in liberated country, that AMG politics impedes the unfolding of democracy by violating the Moscow Conference Declaration on Italy. Fascist officials are still being employed while members of the Liberation Front are disregarded. Small wonder, then, that in Sicily a fascist plot was uncovered. Leaders of the National Front are allowed no governmental functions and they are rarely consulted on appointments made by AMG personnel. In the past week it was only after continued protest that a mass meeting was permitted in Naples. And as we write, a meeting of delegates from Liberation Committees throughout southern Italy is still prohibited. After a few issues, newspapers representing the views of the parties comprising the Neapolitan Committee of Liberation were discontinued with the exception of one. The reasons: lack of ink and newsprint. Yet when the Blue Party, a fascist organization, undertook to safeguard the Blackshirt hierarchy and its principles, it managed to obtain necessary publishing materials and plastered Naples with insurrectionary leaflets and posters.

THE list of AMG's violations of the Moscow declaration is as long as it is tragic. Next to nothing is being done to refurbish the country's economy, to increase food supplies, improve transport or aid in the formation of a genuinely national government. The program of the Committee of Liberation is persistently ignored while Badoglio's "government of technicians" is permitted to operate, giving hope and comfort to shady monarchists who work for a complete restoration of reactionary rule. Monarchism is not an issue for the time being but the continued presence of Emmanuel obstructs the formation of a government that could speed the war and embark on the tasks of reconstruction. One might have thought that Lt. Col. Charles Poletti, in charge of AMG in Sicily, would undertake his responsibilities in a manner consonant with the liberal precedent he set as lieutenant-governor of New York. But Poletti's liberalism has foundered and his course in Sicily is no different from that prescribed by Red-baiters Luigi Antonini, Hearst, and Generoso Pope.

The Allied Advisory Council, established by the participants at the Moscow meeting, has recommended to General Eisenhower that all of Italy south of the northern boundaries of Salerno, Potenza, and Bari, including Sicily and Sardinia, be placed under Italian civil administration. It recommended in addition that the Allied Control Commission be instructed to observe the Moscow declaration regarding Italy. Here is an excellent piece of advice which the necessities of the Italian liberation war make imperative. Anything less will slow down the military campaign and continue the political chaos of the past months. If the AMG harness is cut from Italian shoulders, Italy will rise from the ruins more quickly and make its great contribution against the Germans.

The Kharkov Trials

EVEN at this distance we can sense the emotions of those who crowded the Kharkov courtroom where the practitioners of Nazi *Schrecklichkeit* were brought to justice. The well of bitterness and hatred runs deep. In no other land torn by war have there been such crimes, on so enormous a scale, as those committed by the Germans on Soviet soil. And it must be superhuman restraint that keeps the relatives of the tortured and murdered from exacting retribution then and there. For it is they who must bear the shattering memories of children destroyed in gas chambers, of the aged shot and beaten to death, of wounded killed in hospital beds—while standing before them are the fiends themselves.

These trials follow quickly the Moscow Conference declaration on atrocities pledging to pursue the criminals "to the uttermost ends of the earth" and deliver them to their accusers. Since the first days of invasion the Russians have gathered testimony and lists. At Kharkov a special state commission has been at work and such commissions are operating wherever the Nazi boot has touched Russian territory. It is apparent that there will be no waiting, no delay in punishing Hitler's accomplices.

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These trials will in due time repeat themselves in every town and hamlet and eventually throughout Europe. The depraved "defendants" will be more or less the same as those at Kharkov: the storm trooper, the Gestapo agent, the Nazi party private, the local quisling who licked their boots and did their bidding. Nor will the charges be much different, so similar have been German crimes on the continent.

These first trials at Kharkov will give Germans who have not yet bloodied their hands a keener sense of their fate if they do. But more, they are the beginnings of the great cleansing process that must take place in the world—a purging of all those who preached the destruction of peoples and the hatred of race against race. These trials will fulfill the universal demand for vengeance against the perpetrators of anti-Semitism. And even after Hitler swings from the gallows, no matter what the disguises of those evading the people's wrath, they must be hunted down and brought to account. Ruthless and relentless must be their punishment during and after the war.

Disunity in Chungking

Too little attention has been paid the following Associated Press dispatch from Cairo which appeared in the December 2 newspapers: "It is known also that the conferees [at the Cairo meeting] took cognizance of the fact that internal differences between the troops of Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Communist Army must be overcome before China could be opened as a primary base for direct attack against Japan itself." Since the beginning of the war we have presented the full facts on the matter and we have highlighted their significance to the coalition effort of the United Nations. Now, however, for almost the first time, news of the serious internal situation in China is breaking into the commercial press. We see an extraordinary parallel with the Yugoslav situation. In that case the progressive press carried the truth for months while most big newspapers and commercial press associations shouted the Mikhailovich lie. Finally, the sheer necessities of the war have forced the admission that Marshal Tito and his Partisans are doing the fighting in Yugoslavia. Finally, too, the necessities of war in the Far East are forcing recognition of the fact that in China it is the Eighteenth and New Fourth Armies, the armies under Communist leadership, which in proportion to their strength, are carrying the overwhelmingly greater burden of the fight against the Japanese invader.

It is particularly important to note that this break in the commercial newspaper

The Soviet-Czech Pact

The Soviet-Czechoslovak treaty was greeted by the New York *Times* with a perfect mixture of dignified hypocrisy and pompous prejudice. While one editorial shed tears about the plight of the Polish government in London, finding itself in a more difficult situation than Dr. Benes "to subscribe to such a formula"—namely an assistance pact with mutual respect for the independence and sovereignty of the partners—Anne O'Hare McCormick, in her column (December 15) on the *Times* editorial page implies that the pact is a sort of return "to the old-fashioned and futile insurance systems." In between her lamentations the mournful lady takes the opportunity of finding holes in the coat of that naughty Czechoslovak government which "rests on a more uncertain legal basis than many exiled governments" but "thanks to its consistent friendly attitude toward Russia now holds a stronger mortgage on the future than any other east of the Rhine." She also implies that perhaps the treaty between both countries is a return to the idea of spheres of influence and balance of power.

Such opinion is founded on nonsense. Far from being a reversion to the wretched ideas of power politics and spheres of influence, the conclusion of the Soviet-Czechoslovak pact is a natural development growing out of the friendship and confidence created at Teheran among the Big Three. The treaty was signed after the meeting in Iran and after it had been postponed more than once during the last half year in order to await a moment when such a step would be taken with the consent of all three great powers and without causing a semblance of misunderstanding or trouble among them. In addition, the protocol of the treaty is proof again that the Soviet Union will collaborate with an anti-fascist and free Poland. And it is further evidence that once Poland has rid itself of the exiled pro-Hitlerites in London it can become a party to the pact.

The Soviet-Czechoslovak agreement is the fruit of the friendly relations which have existed for a long time between Moscow and Prague. As far back as 1922 Czechoslovakia concluded a treaty with the Soviets, establishing *de facto* diplomatic relations. The *de jure* recognition followed twelve years later after the Czechoslovak government overcame the sabotage of the Agrarian and National Democratic parties which had succeeded in part in intimidating Dr. Benes. Since 1935 a treaty of mutual assistance existed between the two countries. But as important as that document were the ties of genuine friendship linking the peoples of Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union. That friendship, for example, found eloquent expression in the spontaneous demonstrations which greeted Soviet sportsmen, writers, scientists, and trade unionists who visited Prague between 1935 and 1938 and whose visits were returned by outstanding Czechoslovak cultural figures. The warmth of these friendly relations was all the more significant inasmuch as there had been a period of tension in 1918-1921 when Czechoslovak troops were used by the French and British in the war of intervention in Siberia and the Urals.

Unlike the Polish and Yugoslav governments-in-exile, the Czechoslovak government in London has tried to establish its policy towards the Soviet Union in accordance with the wishes of the people at home. All reports from underground organizations reaching London tell of the unanimous desire of Czechs and Slovaks, including those in upper circles, to link their destiny with that of the valiant ally in the east.

Realizing that this war cannot be fought successfully if internal policy does not rest on a firm, democratic base, the Czechoslovak government in London—contrary to the methods of other governments-in-exile—has won the support of all anti-fascist groups. In the Czechoslovak State Council—the parliament-in-exile—there are representatives of all anti-fascist parties, including the Communists. And it is possible that the Communists, in recognition of their leading position in the resistance movement inside Czechoslovakia, may be invited to join the government.

K. V. Kudrna.

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censorship on China's internal situation came at the close of the Cairo meeting. For it was in Cairo that President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill first met face to face with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and their military staffs with his. It is plain that the American and British leadership has become so concerned over the sabotage of the war effort carried on by Chinese reactionaries and defeatists that they put the matter squarely up to the Generalissimo.

For an agonizingly long time China's democratic forces there and abroad have striven to bring about Chinese unity under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. We strongly hope that this will still prove to be possible. But surely the time has come when Chiang's own role in supporting the reactionaries against the forces of unity must get public airing. Knowledge of the content of his most recent book, *China's Destiny*, which has now reached this country (even though the volume itself has been severely restricted from circulating abroad) raises serious questions as to the part he has been playing. The book, on which we shall comment at greater length in a later issue, reveals a disturbing combination of feudal plus fascist thinking.

It now remains to be seen whether Chiang Kai-shek will respond favorably to the pressure undoubtedly put upon him at Cairo to effect internal unity as a prerequisite for coalition warfare. We shall look for results in two principal directions: the lifting of the blockade against the guerrilla base in the Northwest, and the ousting of the fascists and appeasers in the Chungking government and in the Kuomintang.

Looking at the Future

HARRY L. HOPKINS, friend and adviser of the President, wrote his article, "What Victory Will Bring Us," for the January issue of the *American Magazine* long before the Teheran Conference. Yet his thesis was affirmed at that momentous meeting: victory demands coalition warfare and, to be lasting, the subsequent peace must maintain and strengthen the coalition. The "intelligent, realistic question" posed by Hopkins: "Will the peace benefit myself and my neighbor?" is the test that must be applied to any settlement of the present global struggle. "The answer requires world cooperation," Hopkins declares, for the basic reason that only by this means will the United States benefit along with every other nation. Unless the advantages of the peace are mutually enjoyed, there can be no stability in the postwar world. The argument is simple—and unanswerable.

Once the enemy is crushed by the force of arms, Hopkins continues, the coalition is confronted with the difficult problem of achieving an orderly planned resumption of peacetime pursuits. "I think, therefore, that WPB should continue to function for a temporary period after the war to regulate the flow of raw materials, production, and the allocation of goods. . . . I believe that members of the United Nations and the refugee governments of Axis-dominated lands should begin now to prepare inventories of their rehabilitation needs after the war. . . . This part picture of the potential world demand will enable us to plan more intelligently for the reconversion of industry to peacetime production and decide how much we can allocate to domestic and foreign needs."

The American people have learned that total war cannot be waged without planned production. Victory depends on the most meticulous coordination at home and among all the anti-Axis powers—coalition strategy. Harry Hopkins adds the next step—without coalition there can be no peace. Coalition for peace demands a planned approach to the resumption of production of all the commodities and products that have been suspended because of the pressure of war. Nor can peacetime planning be limited to the immediate needs of any one nation, even if that nation is the United States. Coalition is the negation of isolation, of dog-eat-dog imperialism, of the philosophy of "I'll get mine, and to hell with all the others!" Coalition is hostile to monopoly looting and its inevitable consequence, economic breakdown. Small wonder the American Firsters object to Hopkins' article. He offers no encouragement to those who dream of recapturing the glorious days of the Coolidge boom, or the delights of Hoover's individualism at five cents an apple.

No Haven Yet

ACCORDING to Breckinridge Long, an Assistant Secretary of State, our country in the last ten years admitted 580,000 refugees from Hitler persecution. Apparently he considered that number generous, precluding any need for federal legislation to do more for Europe's Jews. Alert Washington correspondents challenged Mr. Long's figure and after breaking it down, produced a picture quite different from the one painted by the State Department emissary to the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Actually between January 1933 and June of 1943 only 476,930 immigrants were admitted to permanent residence. Less than half of this total, 209,932, were Jews. But more important, of the 476,930—thousands of whom arrived here under the quota system from countries not under the Nazi heel and thousands of whom eventually left the United States—only 182,956 could be classed as refugees. In other words, during the last ten years, in the light of our resources and the size of the country, we have done next to nothing in providing a haven for Europe's plundered and oppressed.

Small wonder, then, that Rep. Emanuel Celler of New York said of the Long statement that "it drips with sympathy for the persecuted Jews, but the tears he sheds are crocodile." Long has succeeded in having the House Committee suspend hearings on the Baldwin-Rogers resolution which would have established a commission to rescue European Jews. The Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, however, has unanimously approved a resolution identical with the one before the House Committee. There is, however, a resolution offered by the late Senator Barbour of New Jersey to aid victims of persecution regardless of race or religion by providing them with visitors' visas beyond established quotas and valid until six months after the war. We have said before that only total victory can save the Jews, but in the interval there are steps that can be taken, particularly those suggested by the American Jewish Conference. Its six-point program covers such matters as the provision of asylum for refugees in the United Nations, in Palestine, and the creation of an inter-governmental agency to cooperate with Jewish organizations in extending underground rescue work. To do less is to burden the national conscience with the stigma of indifference and callousness.

"Fats" Waller

THE death of Thomas W. Waller—"Fats" Waller to millions—robs America of one of its most intriguing and talented composers. A whole generation of music-lovers will mourn the passing of this remarkable virtuoso of jazz who loved the classics. After hearing Paderewski, the young Waller—aged nine—decided that music was to be his life-work. He worked in a grocery store to earn money for his lessons; at fifteen he was organist in a Harlem movie house and at twenty he published his first song.

Abundantly gifted, and blessed with remarkable energy he composed all or part of four hundred songs in his too-brief lifetime of thirty-nine years. In that short time his fame spread to two continents—the Europeans took to his talent as did millions of Americans. It was indeed a diversified talent: one that brought him prominence as master of what the initiate call "the 1929 Chicago style" of jazz, and yet was at home with Tschaikowsky and Bach. Few who attended will forget him in the remarkable role as concert performer at Carnegie Hall in 1941, in a program of his own jazz and blues, Gershwin, Tschaikowsky, and spirituals. He proved himself,

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too, the master of the organ as well as of the battered piano of the jazz orchestra.

"Fats" Waller's career was typically American: his nervous rhythms and rich melodies were as native as 125th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, as real as Talledaga County, Alabama. The love which millions here felt for him proved once again the artificiality of the color line: "Fats" Waller, Negro musician, was "Fats" Waller, *American* composer. He is missed by black and white alike.

★

A CORRECTION: *Our editorial, last week, "An Outrageous Ruling," dealing with the persecution of Mrs. Raissa Browder contained an error of fact. It said, wrongly, that Mrs. Browder was born in France. She was born in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, Russia, and she lived in that country until 1933 when she came to America to join her husband. We trust that the persecution of Mrs. Browder will arouse decent Americans, regardless of their political affiliations, to demand, in the interests of human dignity and of elementary fair play, the reversal of the shameful action of the Board of Immigration Appeals which upheld an order for her deportation.*

SLINGS AND ARROWS

In our November 30 issue this column reported that Thomas Mann had been invited to form a Free German Committee in this country. In a letter to the New York "Times," Dr. Mann denied the report and declared that he did not consider "the moment opportune for the formation of such a body." I am now able to give the inside story of the negotiations for the formation of a Free German Committee. Here is the story:

After the Moscow Conference the effort to set up a Free German Committee in this country received fresh impetus. A group of German exiles drafted a manifesto and worked out a plan for such a committee. After long negotiations the objections of Red-baiter Rudolf Katz, co-editor of the Social Democratic "Neue Volkszeitung," were brushed aside by the majority of the group. Thomas Mann, who had shown interest, agreed to act as head of the preparatory committee and to call the first meeting.

Then something happened. Dr. Mann received an invitation to lunch with Adolph Berle, Assistant Secretary of State. During lunch Dr. Mann was told not to go ahead with the formation of the committee. This is what Mann told a group of people who had worked with him in drawing up the initial plans. In a New York hotel, Dr. Mann informed these people — among whom were Friedrich Stampfer, Paul Hagen, Siegfried Aufhaeuser, Prof. Paul Tillich, Dr. Herman Budzislawski and others—that the State Department did not favor the establishment of a Free German Committee at this time and that Dr. Mann should therefore refrain from any action. From his talk with Secretary Berle, Dr. Mann seemed to have come to the conclusion that the idea of appealing to the German people to fight Hitler was not liked. With his customary versatility, Dr. Mann even discovered that there was almost no indication of any difference between the Nazis and the German people. He added, however, that if things should change, Mr. Berle promised to call him again and to tell him that it was possible to do something.

A majority of the assembled were highly disappointed and angered by Dr. Mann's attitude.

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Staff Sergeant Robert Thompson, vice president of the Young Communist League until its recent dissolution, who won the Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry in the Southwest Pacific fighting, has an article, "Sniping and Anti-Sniping," in the latest "Infantry Journal."

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At the conclusion of the recent United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Conference in Atlantic City the delegates gathered at dinner and toasted various officials of the government that had acted as host, the United States. The Russian delegation toasted President Roosevelt, the British toasted Secretary Hull, and so on down the line. When it came the turn of the representatives of the Polish government in exile, they toasted—the manager of the hotel in which the dinner was held.

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In "The North Star," one scene shows the difficulty the Russian peasant woman feels in setting the torch to her own home with all its beloved small household objects. In her original version Lillian Hellman made this scene more poignant by having the women, in order to relieve each other of this intolerable burden, set fire to each other's houses.

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Another scene in "The North Star" shows a group of children being forced by Nazi doctors to give blood for Nazi soldiers. When Hearst started his attacks on the picture, the charge was made that no such atrocity ever took place. The Goldwyn office called the American-Russian Institute to verify. The Institute found several cases, reported by Intercontinent News and in the Embassy Bulletin of the USSR. Children have also had their skin grafted onto German soldiers; the atrocities mentioned in the Molotov report defy most people's imagination.

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Henrietta Buckmaster's book "Let My People Go" was published in England, when it was discovered that Cedric Belfrage's novel "South of God" had come out in London under that title. So Miss Buckmaster's English title had to change to "Out of Bondage." Her new novel is also about the fight of the Abolitionists, and shows in many ways a close parallel to today's events.

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"The Protestant," a small magazine publishing hard-hitting anti-fascist and anti-race-discrimination articles and editorials, has quadrupled its circulation.

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Correction: Our printer omitted the "l" from the name of Leon Trotsky's secretary, Jan Frankl, whose former wife, Eleanor Clark, was reported in our November 30 issue as employed by the Office of Strategic Services. And in the same issue the amount donated by William C. Bullitt to the Philadelphia Democratic Committee should have read $250,000, not two and a half million.

PARTISAN.

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THE LINK BETWEEN

THE Teheran decision plainly states that it is the intention of the big three fighting powers to destroy the military might of Germany in the shortest possible time.

It is quite clear to all by now, except a few technical muddleheads like Major Alexander de Seversky and a handful of die-hard isolationists who really want to "isolate" Hitlerism from defeat, that the "air power alone" theory has been exploded. True, a sinister British figure like Moore-Brabazon still offers to put the world in order by means of air power to which "the Army and the Navy will be just handmaidens." But the General Staff of the US Army has repeatedly expressed the considered opinion that it will require a land army to clinch the defeat of Germany and that without an invasion of Europe from the west, *with infantry* doing its stuff, no decision is possible in a calculable period of time. It may be assumed that no sane military man thinks in terms of victory through bombing alone.

The nibbling on the periphery of Europe, with a distant approach to Berlin by way of the Pyramids, is like biting off the tail of a tiger, vertebra by vertebra, while it is trying to eat another man. After fifteen months this nibbling finally resulted in a virtual stalemate in Italy. To be sure the Italian campaign (and what led to it) has been correctly, if vaguely described by Mr. Aneurin Bevan, a member of Parliament, as resembling the action of an old man who "approaches a young bride—fascinated, sluggish, and apprehensive."

The help we are giving Marshal Tito and his Army of Liberation comes late. Here, too, we have been "sluggish and apprehensive," if not so "fascinated."

In the Aegean we permitted the Germans to snatch the islands from us, probably retarding Turkey's decision to enter the war and permitting the enemy to bar our road to either Salonica or the Straits. All this has happened against the background of undoubted successes against the German submarines, of truly magnificent achievements in shipbuilding and our proved superior ability to assure complex and colossal overseas movements of troops and supplies.

And so, on the eve of the Big Day, we see that our logistics are excellent. The link between strategy and tactics is good. But what does that link *link?* In other words, how is our strategy? And how are our tactics?

It must be admitted that so far our operations in Africa and Europe have been on such a small scale and so restricted that it is difficult to judge what we can do in the realm of grand strategy.

Max Werner said: "So far logistics and tactics have had priority for American and British warfare. That is to say throughout 1941-43 our main tasks were the accumulation of power, the securing of supply and the increasing of fighting capacity and skill of the troops and their mastering of modern weapons. The achievements were great. In the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns Anglo-American armies have demonstrated purposeful cooperation of all weapons, high effectiveness of aviation in land fighting, use of massed artillery and offensive tactics of modern mobile infantry. But all this is not enough for the big invasion of Europe. Not only will it require specific tactics for landing, for fighting for footholds and establishing of a continuous front—but invasion will require superior strategy as well. Great land war is not a tradition of Anglo-American warfare. In the decisive hour of 1918 the strategic planning for the whole coalition was entrusted to the French military leadership because of its experience. This time we must solve the problem for ourselves."

I beg to disagree with Mr. Werner. It seems to me that our strategy is not technically bad—i.e., we have the brains for it. Nimitz, MacArthur, Arnold, Eisenhower, Vandergrift, and Halsey are products of our own West Point, the school at Leavenworth, and Annapolis. They have shown that they can do well. The trouble with our strategy so far is that *it has not been set in motion* everywhere that it should have been. Until recently it was drowned in politics, in fear of a too quick collapse of Germany, lest popular revolutions break out. Our strategy has been good in the Pacific, and if it was good there it can be good in Europe. It is simply that the safety-catch of our European "gun" has never been slipped. The gun is okay. Just let it shoot, and you will see. Teheran gave the order to slip the safety-catch.

NOW as to tactics. Here again I beg to disagree with Mr. Werner. I think that if anything needs improving in our setup, it is tactics. My opinion is based on, among other things, a very frank and honest critique by the Army of its own campaign in Tunisia, as reported in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, dated December 5. The Army says that the outstanding lesson learned in Tunisia came from "failure to use the armored division in sufficient strength or in concentrated mass." It adds that before the battles of Mateur and Bizerte, armor arrived at battle-fronts "piecemeal and was used piecemeal throughout," but pointing out that mass action was precluded because there was only one armored division available and it had to be spread over a long front. Here a study of the "controversial" tank theory of Red Army Colonel Kolomiytsev should not have been amiss, for he outlines tank tactics in cases where there is a dearth of armor. His theory raised a lot of discussion in Red Army General Staff circles and finally his thesis of concentration prevailed.

The critique of the Tunisian campaign further states that "Scouting and patrolling proved to be one of the most serious deficiencies in the operations of American infantry in Tunisia." Here too it might be pointed out that the reading of nothing more complicated and voluminous than *Red Star* would have been of great help, because scouting and patrolling has been elevated by the Red Army to the level of a fine art.

The critique reveals that troubles with military intelligence reports also arose, both from inaccurate information and from garbled reports.

It appears that booby traps proved to be most formidable and powerful weapons and obstacles. No longer is it possible for the engineers alone to clear away mine fields; all branches must train men for this work.

Highly trained snipers assumed increasing importance throughout the campaign.

Finally, the critique says: "Air attack has been generally ineffective against armored vehicles. It has been reported that even dive bombers had failed to cause much damage to medium tanks."

Now, take Clausewitz's volume *On War* and look up in the index the concept of "frictions in war." On page fifty-six you will find this: "Those things which enter into the atmosphere of war and make it a resistant medium for every activity we have designated under the terms of danger, physical effort, information, and fraction. In their hindering effects they may thus be included again in the collective idea of a general friction. Now is there, then, no oil capable of diminishing this friction? Only one, and that is not always available at the will of the commander or his army. It is the habituation of the army to war." Such "oil" has been available to our armed forces in small drops because of the small

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volume of fighting they have been called upon to do in the past two years (they lost one man killed every forty-three minutes). Quality and heroism in fighting do not make up for volume and a wide range of experience.

Clausewitz says in fact, that only actual battle experience can neutralize the effect of frictions. To a certain extent it is so, but not quite, for the study of the experience of other armies, who have done more fighting and have done it brilliantly, is of help.

Just look at the frictions enumerated above, aside from tank tactics and reconnaissance: booby traps have been mastered by the Red Army through special courses in detecting and neutralizing them, including exhibitions and demonstrations. Sniping has been developed in the Red Army to a remarkable degree, its importance having been recognized long before the war. Air attack against armored vehicles has received its answer in the development of the "Stormovik" plane. The saturation of all units with men with engineering training is old stuff in the Red Army.

To make a long story short, it would seem, for instance, that our service magazines should follow the progressive example of the *Cavalry Journal*, which tries to propagate the experience of the Soviet cavalry, instead of permitting fossils like retired Colonel Lanza to spread their drivel, as the *Artillery Journal* has often done. The time to strike is near. Let us not doubt our strategy, but let us borrow, in all humility, the tactical experience of those who have fought for more than 900 days over 700,000 square miles of territory, millions against millions, losing a man every seventeen seconds. They know all about resolving frictions. Let us learn from them.

On all existing fronts the forces of the United Nations are on the offensive. Our own troops under MacArthur, daringly brushing aside the Japanese still left on the Huon Peninsula of New Guinea, have landed on New Britain and have secured a firm hold on the Arawe promontory. Cape Gloucester to the west is being heavily bombed. The preliminaries to the march on Rabaul have been played. Simultaneously, our air forces are hammering the Marshalls and we learn that our task-forces have been making "guinea-pig" runs to Truk in an attempt to knock the chip off the Japanese high seas fleet. The enemy did not choose to pick up the chip.

In China the Japanese are being pressed hard in the "rice-bowl" and their fifth Changsha campaign has again come to an inglorious end.

In Italy small advances have been scored by both the Fifth and the Eighth.

Across the Adriatic Marshal Tito has brought the big German offensive to a virtual halt in most sectors.

The Red Army has opened a large scale offensive in the Nevel sector, killing 20,000 Germans in five days, liberating 500-odd inhabited points and cracking the German defenses on a fifty-mile front to a depth of twenty miles. The fact that this new front is now called the "first Baltic front" is of great importance. This means that there will be other active Baltic fronts. Probably two more—one front south and the other front north of Lake Ilmen (Staraya Russa and Novgorod)—will become "Baltic."

The new offensive seems to be aimed at two key points—Polotsk and Vitebsk, southwest and south of Nevel. The winter wolf-hunt is on.

WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

THE ANTI-WILLKIE SMEAR

Washington.

JAPANESE business men have never hesitated to imitate, down to the minutest detail, the packaging of rival products put on the market by their foreign competitors. The object quite frankly was to rook the buying public by fooling them into accepting inferior merchandise because it looked like the real thing. C. Nelson Sparks, former mayor of Akron, Ohio, has resorted to the same trick in peddling his "expose" of Wendell Willkie. His *One Man—Wendell Willkie* apes the binding, type, and lay-out of the best-seller *One World*.

C. Nelson Sparks claims to tell the "inside story" of how Willkie won the nomination at the Philadelphia Republican convention in 1940. His diatribe is dressed up with a high-falutin dedication to the author's seventeen-year-old son, a naval aviation cadet, and to "all others in our armed forces," with the pious hope that these young men will never forget the Constitution, the fathers of the republic, and the author, C. Nelson Sparks.

Mr. Sparks assures the reader that he has no axe to grind, and that he has "no desire either to praise or to condemn." Thereupon, he indulges in every nasty inference permissible under the libel laws. Of course, Mr. Sparks hardly comes to the political arena with clean hands. For his qualities as statesman, I refer the reader to Ruth McKenney's *Industrial Valley*. But just to give a rough idea of this jaunty, nattily dressed, loud-mouthed little man with his thin mean face topped by a mass of dirty white hair, it is only necessary to recall that Mr. Sparks suffered a torn ligament of his left arm during a political oration—from pounding on the rostrum. In 1932, Sparks "proved" that the Russian people—"those Communistic hordes"—are "cannibals." In 1933, he accused the unemployed in Akron of being Communistic foreigners. During the catastrophic days of the national bank holiday (Akron got it early and hung on to it late), Sparks absolved the bankers from any blame because, he said, they were merely reckless, and everyone in the twenties was reckless. By the middle of 1933, Sparks was taking the Coughlin position, warning of anarchy and mayhem unless the federal government distributed relief to the unemployed he had previously denounced. During the strike of rubber workers in 1936, Sparks got himself deputized and immediately set about organizing vigilante "law and order" groups. His activities were so blatant that even the ultra-conservative Akron *Beacon-Journal* denounced him editorially for his "stupid and dangerous" program. Later Sparks turned up as campaign manager for Frank Gannett, Republican publisher from up-state New York, backer of the congressional farm bloc, and all-in-all a thoroughly reprehensible and undistinguished isolationist. The Gannett presidential boom, under Sparks' management, was greeted with a national apathy that could be described as monumental.

This is by no means an adequate portrait of the ex-mayor, the friend of countless strong-arm and fascist-minded outfits. Now suddenly Sparks has found his way back into the spotlight: his scurrilous pamphlet has been hailed by none other than Jew-baiting Representative Rankin, and has aroused Senator Langer to demand a Senate investigation of "the conduct of the 1940 National Convention of the Republican Party with a view to ascertaining whether there were irregularities in the selection of the candidate of such party for the office of president [Willkie], and whether Harry Hopkins had a corrupt connection therewith."

SENATOR LANGER is a Republican maverick—with no compliment intended—a sedulous defeatist who can't get along with Gerald Nye, a follower of the Hearst-McCormick-Patterson "line" who refuses

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to coordinate his activities with those of his political elders like Herbert Hoover, Robert Taft, Arthur Vandenberg, and Joseph Martin. The lanky, sharp-faced Langer likes to mouth the phrases of old Bob LaFollette's progressivism; he likes to pose as an enemy of Wall Street, a critic of the international bankers, an anti-imperialist, a simple spokesman of simple farmers. His demagogy is all very well, except when he gets out of hand and embarrasses the Republican machine. He has just succeeded in putting the Republican Party leadership on the spot with his resolution aimed at "getting" Willkie. The resolution was referred to a sub-committee of the Senate's Committee on Privileges and Elections, naturally dominated by the Democrats. And what Democrats—Harley Kilgore of West Virginia, James Tunnell of Delaware, and Tom Stewart of Tennessee, with the Republicans represented by Styles Bridges of New Hampshire and Warren Austin of Vermont, both of whom have been friendly with Willkie in the past.

The danger to the Republican high command grows out of the likelihood that once the sub-committee starts investigating, it might not know when to stop. What if it gives attention to the America First money spent so freely at the Philadelphia convention? What if it shows interest in the financial support behind Tom Dewey (and even behind Frank Gannett, for that matter), and takes the trouble to delve into the activities of Senator Taft and Elder Statesman Herbert Hoover? The Republican elders would like nothing better than a thorough smear of Willkie, but what if the smear spreads to the party's high priests?

Langer spoke out of turn, without consulting his betters. The more responsible Republican worthies curse among themselves, and quietly "explore" ways to squelch the investigation before it gets going. Just as Republican big shots were gleefully rubbing their hands at the spectacle of southern Democrats like Harry Byrd, "Cotton Ed" Smith, and that vicious little screwball, John Rankin, threatening to split the Democratic Party, along comes Langer with his resolution presenting the Democrats with their greatest opportunity since 1912 to call public attention to Republican shenanigans. The keening in the Republican cloak rooms on both sides of the Capitol is heartrending.

BY UNDERWRITING Sparks' book, a compilation of every anti-Willkie slander that the Hearsts and McCormick-Patterson press has been able to improvise—Langer made the same sort of mistake, in the eyes of the Hoover-Taft-Vandenberg general staff, as Alf Landon made a few weeks ago when he visited Washington. Everyone had forgotten Alf's existence, and evidently no one had tipped him off as to what he should say. So Landon charged out of oblivion to squeak that for his money he wanted no part of the coalition foreign policy outlined at Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran. He, Landon, still plunked for straight isolationism. But this frankness, which revealed exactly where the Republican leaders stood, crossed up the wise old owls like Hoover and Taft who, quite shrewdly have ruled that discussion of foreign policy is banned until after November 1944. Their contention is that foreign policy is not an election issue. Republican potentates plan to adopt the same platform on foreign policy in 1944 as the Democrats—in the hope that the voters will think the Republicans endorse coalition. Now Landon spills the beans by stubbornly insisting that "the principles of the Teheran conference are fine, but how are they going to be applied?"

Republican big shots give out that they are all for coalition. Yet they quite obviously fear Willkie. Why? Because they know very well Willkie has supported essentially the same policy of international collaboration as that enunciated by President Roosevelt and given substance at Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran. After all, Willkie's *One World* is a brilliant statement of the necessity of coalition. It is all very well to pay lip-service to the idea for campaign purposes, say high-placed Republicans, but it is not all very well to put the idea into action.

Yet the Hoover-Taft-Vandenberg bloc knows that the best way for the Republicans to lose the 1944 elections is to admit that they are thinking in imperialist terms, that they really want no part of any coalition, that they are rabidly anti-Soviet, anti-British, anti-Chinese, with about as much use for the Good Neighbor policy as they have for price control and rationing, subsidies, and social security. They are not foolish enough to wage the coming presidential election battle on principle—all they want is to win it. Langer and Landon talk too much. They endanger the Republican leaders with exposure.

IN THE past weeks, the Republicans have certainly not played smart politics—and they are uncomfortably aware of their mistakes. They went along with the Senate poll-taxers to kill the soldiers vote. The Republicans now wish they had it to do all over again—they are sadly aware that public reaction throughout the nation has been anything but favorable to their sabotage of the soldiers' vote. On top of this, Landon's awkward revelation that the Republicans have no use for the coalition policy of Moscow is hardly likely to win friends, even though the pontifical Hoover covered up by interpreting Landon's remarks to mean the exact opposite of what the Kansan said with such deliberation and exactness. To add still more grief to their bloody heads, Langer presents the Democrats with the opportunity of the century to investigate the 1940 Republican convention and to scratch about for connections between Taft and the America Firsters, the role of the isolationists, and how much money the du Ponts and others poured into Philadelphia.

It is said that the recent political carelessness of top Republicans can be explained by their supreme assurance that they are sure of victory in 1944. I doubt this explanation. For one thing, they are not so positive. They have no great hopes of beating Franklin D. Roosevelt should he run again. Of course, if he doesn't, they feel the election is in the bag. The fate of the presidency is therefore up to Roosevelt, in the estimation of Republican wise guys, but the field is wide open for control of the House and Senate. That is the real stake. Only Willkie, by influencing rank-and-file Republicans to support candidates sincerely in favor of a coalition foreign policy, can wreck the plans of the reactionaries for the new Congress. This may seem an oversimplification, but Republican strategists think in these terms.

More, far more than anything else, isolationists, imperialists, bitter-enders, defeatists recognize how deep a set-back they suffered at the United Nations' conferences culminating in Teheran. Their strategy was to *prevent* a United Nations coalition. They failed utterly. Their remaining hope is to compensate for the grievous drubbing they got by impeding the coalition and smashing it. They must delay the second front, delay lend-lease shipments, spread defeatism at home by magnifying every divisive tendency, discourage the people and make them grow tired of the war. Above all, they must *get* Roosevelt by undermining the FEPC, the Food for Victory program, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. They must spread anti-Negro and anti-Semitic poison, provoke strikes by entering into alliances with John L. Lewis and William Hutcheson, deny subsidies and wreck price control and rationing—they must *get* Roosevelt by wrecking the home front, while pretending to be all out for the prosecution of the coalition war. But they must also at all costs prevent Willkie from winning the Republican nomination in 1944, for despite Willkie's anti-New Deal, anti-Roosevelt finagling, he does support international collaboration.

The Republicans are showing their hand. It is high time for Americans to get acquainted with the Republican royal family. It is especially important for rank-and-file Republicans to know the men who run the national machine, to recognize for what they are the handful of rapacious men still committed to the Manifest Destiny, to the isolationist imperialism of the elder Lodge, to the "business of America is business" doctrine of Coolidge, to the Hoover creed that all social security is an evil dole, and to the Liberty League-du Pont anti-union, Red-baiting, fascist-minded dictum of "Let the suckers pay."

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CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM

The danger of a breakdown in public education. Teacher shortages and closing schools. The search for a living wartime wage. What federal aid to education can accomplish.

IT WOULD be good to be able to report that our schools are doing all that must be done to prepare our boys and girls for their part in the armed services and on the home front. We might feel more secure about the future if we knew that the coming generation was growing up to be more literate than the present one and better schooled in the traditions and principles of democracy. True, teachers and supervisors in many localities are making valiant efforts to adjust the curriculum to wartime needs, to bring students into the war effort through the High School Victory Corps, to make the schools part of every civilian wartime activity. But the most glaring fact about the educational system today is that schools in many parts of the country—always pitifully inadequate—face a partial or complete wartime breakdown.

Ten thousand closed schools; 13,000 classrooms without teachers; overcrowding and curtailed curricula which have wiped out 30,000 classes; a teacher shortage so acute that 37,000 emergency certificates were issued in 1942-43 to people unqualified to teach even under the low requirements existing in many parts of the country—that is the picture of public education in this period of war emergency.

What strikes one most forcefully in the school situation is a veritable exodus of teachers into non-teaching jobs. And no wonder. In 1942-43, 360,000 teachers—forty out of every hundred—received less than $1,200 per year, while 66,000, or eight out of every hundred, received less than $600. Southern states had by far the greatest number of poorly paid teachers. Only the District of Columbia, and the states of Washington and California had no teachers receiving less than $1,200 per year.

With the wartime rise in living costs it has become increasingly difficult to live on such salaries. At the same time opportunities have appeared for more gainful employment such as have not existed since the first World War. And the teachers are responding to these twin pressures. The armed services have taken 39,000 teachers, but jobs in industry and elsewhere have taken almost as many—37,000. There have been some slight wage increases in a number of states, but hardly enough to make any appreciable difference in teachers' living conditions. The teacher turnover in 1942-43 was twice as great as in normal times.

The most acute teacher shortage is found in the rural areas where salaries are lowest, and where the physical and intellectual conditions are shockingly bad. A National Education Association survey based on conditions in 1937 found that fewer than half of our rural teachers enjoy central heating, a heated bedroom, or a telephone. Nearly half do not have an indoor toilet, a bathtub or shower, or even running water. One-third do not have electricity. Most of these teachers have no opportunity for cultural or professional growth. Many do not have access to libraries with more than a thousand volumes. Buying books, subscribing to magazines, taking trips to better endowed cultural centers is out of the question on an average annual salary of $867 for white teachers and $346 for Negro teachers. If salaries are slightly higher now than in 1937, one must remember that the victory tax has to be paid, and that the cost of living has risen steeply.

A SAMPLING of testimony presented before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor will show what is going on in all parts of the country. In Jefferson County, West Virginia, there was only one day between September and April 1943 when all teaching posts were filled. In Pulaski County, Arkansas, the white schools started with eighty-one new teachers out of a total of 152. In the course of the year there were 143 additional changes. In a rural school district in Missouri, on the Saturday before school was scheduled to open, the school board was still frantically trying to get a teacher for the following Monday. Children in a high school near Harrisburg, Pa., have had their tenth science teacher in one term. In Maine appeals have been issued to retired teachers, students have been taken out of the normal school before completing their course; three high school girls are teaching in one city alone.

IN MANY places Boards of Education are drastically lowering eligibility requirements in order to obtain teachers. But the 47,000 emergency certificates issued last year to people unprepared to meet requirements for regular licenses were not enough to provide teachers for all the children. And the teacher supply is beginning to dry up at its source. Teacher training institutions throughout the country report a drop in registration of twenty to fifty percent.

Testifying at the April hearings, A. D. Holt, secretary of the Tennessee State Teachers' Association said, "We have had to go out and get anybody who could teach schools. We have 2,250 teachers in Tennessee on permits. That means they haven't got the qualifications to get a certificate. And, goodness knows, our certification requirements are low enough in Tennessee." In the words of Howard A. Dawson, secretary of the Legislative Commission of the National Education Association, "We have gone back a generation or two in many communities in the type of teaching that we have."

Soriano

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Nor are our most prosperous communities untouched by the teacher shortage. In New York City, for example, Superintendent of Schools Wade reports that on September 20 there were thirty-eight classes without teachers for the term, and 104 without teachers for the day in the elementary school division alone. Every day classes in all divisions of the school system in New York City are broken up and distributed among other already overcrowded classes, not always of their own grade, or sent to spend the day in study or assembly halls. In some schools overburdened teachers are asked to teach additional classes, while in still others the length of the school day has been cut.

Here, too, the difficulty results from a cheap labor policy. All through the depression years when jobs were hard to get, the Board of Education listed as substitutes qualified, licensed teachers who were teaching regular classes and paid them approximately half the salary they would have received had they been appointed. Some of the best teachers in the system have served as long as ten years as substitutes. Now, with employment opportunities opening elsewhere, many of these teachers are leaving the school system. Frantic efforts on the part of the board to obtain new substitutes by lowering eligibility requirements have so far not been successful.

BUT even if there were no acute teacher shortage, even if the war were not making additional demands on the schools, even if wartime conditions were not bringing in their wake an alarming increase in juvenile delinquency, the schools would still present a shocking picture of inadequacy. Some one million men have been rejected by the armed services for lack of educational qualifications, and that means inability to read simple instructions and directions. Thousands of others in the armed services are now being taught to read and write in special classes for illiterates. Almost ten million people—one-half of them concentrated in the southern states—have had less than four years' schooling. The question in a number of the states is not so much whether the schools are adequate to meet new wartime requirements, as it is whether they are able to produce a literate population.

The rate of rejection by the armed forces and the proportion of adults with less than four years' schooling corresponds closely to low salaries for teachers. In those states where salaries are lowest, educational opportunities for all children, and especially for Negro children, are appalling. Expenditures for education range from $135 per school child each year in New York State down to $24 per child in the state of Mississippi.

This does not indicate, as some may think, a greater effort on the part of New York State to educate its children. For the states with the poorest educational facilities have the smallest income per person aged twenty to sixty-four, and the largest number of children in proportion to the adult population. Mississippi with its expenditure of $24 per child and its average teacher salary of $559 makes a greater effort to meet its educational costs than New York State with its expenditure of $135 per child and its average teacher salary of $2,604. In 1935, for example, Mississippi spent close to a hundred percent of taxes considered available for education, while New York expended less than fifty percent.

SOMETHING must be done fast to make our educational system function as it should in the war emergency. Relatively rich states like New York can and must be made to provide adequate schools to meet wartime needs. Pressure from the Teachers Union, Local 555, State, County and Municipal Workers of America, from parents, and from the Substitute Teachers Organization has already forced the Board of Education in New York City to make several hundred regular appointments. There is now an appeal pending before the State Commission of Education which would give every teacher holding a regular assignment the status of an appointed teacher. It is obvious, however, that in some of the southern states popular pressure alone cannot provide reasonably adequate schools and reasonably adequate salaries. To make that possible it would be necessary to abolish the poll-tax, to wipe out Jim Crowism, to change the system of land ownership, in short to bring the South up to the rest of the country in its social and economic relationships.

But in the meantime the children need teachers, and the teachers are leaving the schools in search of a living wage. The armed services and the wartime industrial plant need trained people now, not at some future time. The only immediate remedy lies in federal aid to education. The Thomas-Hill federal aid bill, S 637, provides $200,000,000 for increases in salaries by which every state in the country would benefit. It also provides an equalization fund of $100,000,000 to reduce existing inequalities in educational opportunity; this money would be distributed to the states in accordance with their needs. The bill was carefully framed to overcome any hint of federal control—a bugaboo which had been successfully used for years to defeat it. Introduced at the request of the National Education Association, it is being supported by forty-six state teachers' associations, by the labor movement, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the American Association of University Women, the National Board of the YWCA, and many other educational and civic organizations.

This year the grim realities of a possible wartime breakdown in our schools made the popular demand for federal aid so great, that it forced the Thomas-Hill bill out of committee and won a majority of the Senate to its support. Passage in the Senate was assured. At this point Senator Langer of North Dakota, whose defeatist outlook ranges him with his colleague, Senator Nye, introduced an amendment which would make states practicing discrimination in educational appropriations ineligible for federal aid. This had the expected result of turning the southern bloc against the bill and preventing its passage.

IT IS true that the most glaring inequalities in educational opportunity exist in the southern states. In Louisiana, for example, where the Negro population is 35.9 percent of the whole, Negro schools receive only 13.75 percent of the total school appropriation; $12.62 per year is all that is spent for the education of a Negro child in that state, while $61.21 is spent for a white child. But the federal aid bill, while not attempting to regulate state expenditures, does stipulate that all federal funds be distributed equally and that they be not used to reduce present state expenditure. In Louisiana, 39.5 percent of federal funds would have to go to Negro schools. This is a great step in the direction of equalization.

While a Negro child in Louisiana would, with federal aid, still have had the very inadequate sum of $23.61 spent for his education, defeat of the federal aid bill leaves him only $12.62. The fact is that Senator Langer introduced his amendment in spite of a plea from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that he drop it. The result was the shelving of a measure which Negro organizations have for years tried to have enacted.

But the battle for federal aid to education is not ended by any means. A companion measure, the Rampseck bill (HR 2849), has been introduced in the House. Efforts are now being made to obtain favorable action on the bill from the House Committee on Education. An articulate public can prove highly persuasive to the members of this committee whose chairman is Representative Barden of North Carolina. And of course, once the bill is reported, it will still be necessary to fight for its passage by the House and the Senate. Congress should be told in no uncertain terms that the people of this country consider decent schools for their children a wartime necessity.

CELIA LEWIS.

Miss Lewis is a teacher in the New York public schools and is acting editor of the "New York Teacher News," organ of the Teachers Union.

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PATRIOT IN PRISON

Richard O. Boyer tells the story of Morris U. Schappes, the man who lost his freedom in the fight for the freedom of all men. A test of Thomas E. Dewey.

THERE are many who have yet to see the connection between Thomas E. Dewey, governor of the great state of New York, and a near-sighted stocky man with mild blue eyes in a cell at Sing Sing. Perhaps the connection is a strange one, for it joins a bare cell, its only window quartered by bars, with the bustle of an office holding aspirant to the presidency of the United States. It *is* strange, too, I suppose, that the man in the cell, once an immigrant boy from the Ukraine, should become a factor in Dewey's careful dreams of the White House. And yet if Morris U. Schappes affects the fortunes of Thomas E. Dewey it will not be the first time that a political prisoner affected the life of a politician, nor the first time that the principles of a prisoner became the guage of a governor's sincerity. A man in a cell can be an albatross around the necks of the great when that man has been imprisoned, as Schappes has, for fighting the enemies of his country at war. Dewey has it in his power to free this anti-fascist prisoner, imprisoned because he is an anti-fascist. Will he do it? The question, I predict, will loom increasingly large as 1944 and the presidential elections near.

The prisoner and the governor are about the same age. Their lives began at about the same time on opposite sides of the earth. Schappes is thirty-six, Dewey a few years older. The man in Albany's executive mansion was born of a middle class family in Michigan. The man in Sing Sing's cell was born of Jewish parents in the Ukraine. Both of them spent effective years in New York City. Morris U. Schappes became a teacher and Thomas E. Dewey became a lawyer. As the years progressed the young lawyer rose in Republican politics, even winning the favor of Herbert Hoover, and the young teacher became a union leader and, as early as 1932, a fierce and active fighter against world fascism. In 1940 the state legislature voted an investigation into subversive activities in New York City schools. Schappes taught at City College. He was proved subversive by proving that he was for Loyalist Spain, against the sell-out of Czechoslovakia, for collective security, against Munich, for friendship between the United States and the Soviet Union, against selling the steel and oil to Japan with which that country later killed Americans. It was proved that he had worked for the Scottsboro boys, the Negro youths framed on a charge of rape; that in 1933 he had worked for the release of Nazi-held prisoners, that for more than ten years he had worked day and night against the fascists about to bathe the world in blood. With him thus clearly proven subversive, and with him admitting he was a Communist, he was tried and convicted on a trumped up charge of perjury in 1941. He was sentenced to between eighteen months and twenty-four months in prison and in July of the same year he was held for thirty-six days in the Tombs while awaiting bail. At that time Republican politicians were sounding out Thomas E. Dewey as a possible candidate for president of the United States. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Landon favored him over Willkie. At that time it seemed that the gulf between the teacher in the cell in the Tombs and the young man aspiring to the White House was too wide for their careers to ever join.

But their careers have joined and for a time the lives of both will have a queer duality. The man in the cell has become a moral measuring rod for the man in the governor's office. Simple but pertinent questions bind the two. Will Dewey willfully keep in prison a man whose only crime is anti-fascism? Will he refuse to pardon an innocent man who has been striving mightily for victory and who can serve the war effort well if he is free? When America is fighting an anti-fascist war shall an American aspirant for the presidency keep an American anti-fascist in prison? During a war against fascism shall an American governor imprison an anti-fascist because the prisoner is, and long has been, an anti-fascist? Until these questions are satisfactorily answered, the man in the cell will be an anti-fascist symbol by which Dewey's patriotism will be measured, by which his devotion to a full and constant prosecution of the war will be estimated, by which his anti-fascist sentiments will be judged.

I WISH that Governor Dewey could talk to Schappes as I have. Then he would understand the 800,000 New York trade unionists who have passed resolutions asking that the governor free this anti-fascist. Then he would understand the long list of professors, lawyers, and clergymen who have asked that Schappes be pardoned on the grounds that he was convicted for his beliefs and not for perjury. Then he would understand why the movement to free Schappes will grow and pyramid until it is irresistible. For it is not only that Schappes is a good man, a kind man, a righteous man in the Biblical sense, but that his beliefs, action, and personality are so merged with the winning of the war and progressive democracy that any advance in these directions advances the Schappes case. It is a case that will not down.

I met Schappes a few days before he went to prison. It was at the School for Democracy at 13 Astor Place, a school that

Christmas Carol, 1943

Dear friend, upon some nameless barren beach
standing your watch, hearing the billows heave,
this night I fear that wistfully you reach
For sand, and softly mutter: Christmas Eve!

I fear that you recall the dazzling trees,
chairs by the fire, churches bright with smiles.
I fear you wait for carols in the breeze
thinking: Enough are left to crowd the aisles.

Therefore I send this greeting. Please be sure
the vacant chair is honored on this night.
You are noticed in the church, and smiles are poor.
Straining to reach your gaze the trees are bright.
Do you hear the breeze that breathes upon the shore?
We send a prayer, a carol to your might.

AARON KRAMER.

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Schappes helped found two years ago when he was expelled, after his indictment, from City College where he had taught for thirteen years. In the same building were the offices of the College Teachers Union which Schappes had also helped found and in which he had been so very active. We sat on opposite sides of the teacher's desk at the head of a barnlike classroom in which there were lines of empty folding chairs. His blue eyes were indirect and wavery behind his thick-lensed spectacles. When he looked at me it was from an angle as if his eyes were crossed and as if he saw with difficulty. He was dressed in a neat brown suit, that perhaps could have done with some pressing, he had a scraggly moustache and his wavy yellow hair was swept back in a pompadour. His figure was compact, stocky, aggressive and his voice was cold, heavy, steady, and he ignored his own plight and said that enrollment in the School for Democracy had increased from 450 to its present enrollment of 1,450. He himself, he said, and for all the deliberation of his voice there was an impediment in his speech, taught five classes. One on Shakespeare, another on journalism, a third on the science of society, a fourth on current events, and the last on democratic trends in English and American literature.

IT WAS dusk and the gloom increased in the empty classroom as the impersonal voice continued. In Cooper Square below, before the hall where Abolitionists were once howled down, newsboys shouted and their cries thinly ascended. Perhaps it was the increased warmth in his voice that drew my attention. He was speaking of Shakespeare and Milton, of Blake and of Shelley, of Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson and Emma Lazarus. He spoke as if they were alive and as he continued I had the unusual experience of hearing a teacher who believes that literature is a living thing, warm and vibrant and supremely necessary in the fight against fascism. I asked him a question about his own case and his voice sagged, not in disinterest, but in careful coldness, and I found myself saying, "I should think you'd have more passion about your own imprisonment." There was a sudden quick flare behind the spectacles. It subsided and he said quietly, "It is not good to become too immersed in your own affairs."

He told me then how he had lectured on *Othello* a fortnight ago before war workers in a machine plant in Long Island City, the Gussack Machine Products Company. It was the lunch hour and he had had to pitch his voice above the whir of the machinery in an adjoining room. There were several hundred workers and they drank their milk and ate their sandwiches as they perched on benches and leaned against lathes and listened to Schappes tell of an ancient tragedy. They were members of the United Electrical and Radio Workers, a third of them were Negroes, and all of them were seeing Paul Robeson in *Othello* after the shift was over. Schappes said, too, that he especially liked Milton, Shelley, Blake, Walt Whitman, and Lazarus because the beauty of their poetry and the beauty of their fight against injustice was inextricably woven into a single thing. They were fighters and they were poets and they were poets because they were fighters and fighters because they were poets.

AFTER this I was prepared for the impression Schappes made upon me in his last public appearance. It was in the auditorium of the New York Newspaper Guild and it was before some forty trade unionists and civic leaders who represented organizations with a total membership of 800,000. Morris Schappes sat at the head of the room among the other speakers, his spectacles giving him a curious pedagogical aspect, his calm somehow wringing the heart. He made careful little notes on what each speaker said because he always makes careful little notes on what other speakers say. Max Yergan, of the National Negro Congress spoke. Henry Epstein, former solicitor general, spoke. Henry Pratt Fairchild, professor at New York University spoke, and there were others. Finally the man who was to leave for prison on the morrow rose to say farewell. I do not remember much of it. I remember he said that "An active conscience is a formidable thing." And I cannot forget the last few words of his farewell.

He closed his speech by telling how Henry Thoreau was imprisoned in Concord's little jail because he refused to pay his taxes and thus support an American war he thought unjust, the war against Mexico. Ralph Waldo Emerson happened to see him there and said, "Henry what are you doing in there?" Henry's famous reply was "Waldo, what are you doing out there?"

"*In there,*" Schappes concluded, "all I can assure you is that, in William Blake's words:

I will not rest from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Until we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

"In England's, and in ours and everywhere. Mine will be a mental fight. You will have the great privilege of freedom. More than anything else, I think, freedom means the opportunity to be as active as possible in the prosecution of the tasks of the war. I envy you that privilege. I hope only that I shall be returned, sooner than is designed by some, to continue the common struggle with you."

The story of Morris Schappes, at least in its major aspects, is a common enough story. It is an American story. More easily than in most cases most of us can say when thinking of it, "There but for the grace of God go I." In essence it is the story of thousands of Americans who in 1932 when the New Deal came into being first became interested in the practical prospect of a better world. His, to a heightened degree, is the story of the millions who have joined the trade unions since 1932. If he is in prison and you are not, perhaps it is partly because he was a more active trade unionist than most. He was convicted by the same forces that are now against President Roosevelt, by forces similar to those which built Hitler, by those who smeared every measure that could have averted world war and world tragedy by calling it Red. Sen. Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., head of the cabal that persecuted Schappes, explained his relations with Hitler's Vichy France by declaring they were those between attorney and client. He publicly said that men like Schappes should be shot "like mad dogs." He was not interested when Schappes declared that the American Communist Party condemned acts of terror and violence, that it favored majority rule, that it was founded to advance that which the Declaration of Independence called "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," that it was pledged to defend the Constitution of the United States against its reactionary foes. Coudert and those backing him had their own definition of subversive. It tallied completely, exactly, and precisely with Hitler's. Coudert's questions were the very questions that the United States Civil Service Commission has forbidden its investigators to ask applicants for government employment.

MORRIS SCHAPPES and his family, fleeing the pogroms of czarist Russia, arrived in this country by way of Brazil when he was seven in 1914. They took rooms in a tenement on New York's East Side on Tenth Street. Although Morris moved away when he was married thirteen years ago, the remainder of the family have lived on the same block ever since. The tenement in which they now live is of a type familiar enough in New York City. A fire escape runs up the building's front. The Schappes live in four small rooms on the third floor. There is an old-fashioned bathtub in the kitchen. The toilet is across the hall. The apartment is dark, the floors are covered with linoleum, there are two old-fashioned crayon portraits on the wall, and there is one book. It is a biography of Mendel Bailis, the Russian Jew who was tried on trumped-up anti-Semitic charges in czarist Russia. Morris, in his own apartment in Harlem, now has a thousand books. This means much to him. He would have had many more if for the last decade he had not had to support his father, mother, and invalid sister who live in the tenement on East Tenth Street.

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Morris remembers the day he arrived on the British liner *Tennyson* when he was seven. It was a clear morning and the sun was strong and the towers of Manhattan gleamed. "I had a book," he recalls, "that I had gotten in Brazil about the United States. It was in Portuguese. I had it in my hand when I ran to the rail and I was not disappointed. It was a beautiful sight." The elder Schappes, a wood turner, could not get work at his trade and he became a pants presser. He wanted his son to be a learned man, perhaps a pharmacist or even a doctor. The boy was soon a familiar figure in five branch public libraries near his home. He read everything. He graduated from the public school in five years instead of the usual eight. He was very grateful when his father and mother insisted that he go to high school, Townsend Harris Hall, instead of going to work as so many of his friends were forced to do.

"I recall one scene," he says in his carefully controlled manner. "It was just before I went to high school and on Saturday at the noon meal. My parents were awfully glum and then mother began crying. They were both completely at the end of their resources. We didn't have a cent, not a single penny. And then a man walked in and told my father of a job and he got it. I never forgot that job meant the difference between eating and not eating. I never forgot that it meant the difference between me going to high school and not going."

SCHAPPES, an honor student, graduated from City College in 1928 and promptly began teaching there. When the depression arrived in '29, the elder Schappes was discharged and with his last earnings opened a little candy store on St. Marks Place near Avenue A on New York's East Side. Schappes' father and mother worked twenty hours a day for five years and then the little venture failed. Since then Schappes has been supporting them. About this time he began inquiring into the nature of the world around him. Hitler was driving to power in Germany, Ethiopia was soon to be assaulted, and Morris U. Schappes from his experience and from his study decided that the world was a whole and that he would fight night and day against the growing threat to mankind.

Perhaps the nature of his fight at City College might best be given through excerpts from his speech when he was sentenced by Judge Jonah Goldstein. "The students," he said speaking of City College, "had an unsympathetic presidential administration. It is not out of any personal malice towards the man that filled that office that I speak these next few words, but I cannot forget, your Honor, how the anti-fascist students of the City College, were informed by their president that he had invited a delegation of Italian students sent here on a fascist propaganda mission, to address them in the Great Hall and commanded our student body and our teaching staff to come to that Great Hall to do honor to them—these students protested in advance. They pleaded with the administration. 'Don't inflict upon us this indignity of compelling us to honor those to whom we owe no honor, for whom we have no honor.' The president, it seemed to me incredible, had those fascist students brought in. They were presented to our student body.

"Our student body reacted, perhaps unwisely, although I would not reprove them now, and did not then. There was a melee and a disturbance. Twenty-one of our students, who had gotten in with high averages, were expelled by the president, for protesting against fascism, when it was not so popular to protest against it. Some of us young men on the staff were horrified by that. We spoke individually—ineffectively: and out of those twenty-one expulsions that year and twenty-one expulsions the following year for similar incidents, there grew a desire to build the Anti-fascist Association of the staffs of the City College. Some two hundred joined, including Dean Gottschall, Professor Krikorian, Professor Abelson—men who figured that those of us who were young and who were perhaps, well, more rash (more honest maybe) were deserving of their support when we brought to the college dignified scholars like Gaetano Salvemini of Harvard, Max Ascoli of New School of Social Research, Kurt Rosenfeld, the ex-Minister of Justice for the Weimar Republic, Lewis Mumford, Morris Raphael Cohen and others, to address these people on the staff who were attracted to these meetings on Sunday afternoon. Expulsions of students for anti-fascist activity never again took place, your Honor, at the college. . . .

"THEN there was the Union. The Teachers Union took up grievances. You know what kind. One man in the Personnel Bureau, a doctor of philosophy, working there for three years at $600 a year. Those were grievances that shocked the keepers upstairs when they asked me about conditions at the college. We needed a union and we built it. It was an honest, democratically run union. . . .

"I have seen the union transform individuals, your Honor, young men, middle-aged men, who had been very good teachers, very good scholars, who apparently had abilities that were never to be realized within academic walls. . . . Here in the union they became executives; they became committee members; they began to learn how to work together, how to argue things out, how to settle difficulties, rise above individuality and pettiness. . . . In addition to these things, I devoted my atention to scholarship and to study. I was honored that Prof. Morris Raphael Cohen came as a character witness, my only character witness. I needed no others. Who else could have said more? Who else could have done more? He gave me his word of confidence and testified to the fact that I was a man of integrity, honest, and, he felt, a respected member of the college community with which I was connected for thirteen years."

In these words lies the explanation of why Schappes was tried and convicted at a time of anti-Russian and anti-Communist hysteria. A few days before he was imprisoned Schappes was asked what he thought about it all. In his dry, intense manner, he said, "It annoys me. I feel that this is a hell of a time to be in prison. By rights I should be with my best friends in the army. Instead I'll be reduced to a severe state of inactivity." The same friend who asked him this question also asked him what he would like to do if he could do anything he chose. He had visions of an answer that spoke of quiet study before a wood fire. Instead Schappes said, "I'd like to be a Party organizer and have some time to write." He thought a moment and amended, "Of course I'd have to do some teaching, too. Some time for teaching I've got to have to live. For thirteen years I've lived with classroom teaching. I like it. I like the students, I like the people. I like to pass on what I've learned. I like the feeling of helping people solve their problems, especially since they are the same problems I have and we can only solve them together."

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES is serving between eighteen and twenty-four months in prison as a penalty for being right, as a penalty for being first. He said a decade ago what we all say now. He asked for American-Anglo-Russian friendship when to voice that paramount fact of our foreign policy today was to court disgrace and danger. He is a professional anti-fascist in prison because he is a professional anti-fascist. He who has been imbuing 1,450 students with his own fire for victory in the war is now at Sing Sing. There are many who have yet to see the connection between Thomas E. Dewey, possible candidate for president of the United States, and the stocky blue-eyed teacher in a prison cell. Included in this number is Governor Dewey who has said he will not even receive delegations asking for Schappes' pardon unless they bring new evidence. It is our job to show the governor the connection. It is our job to give him the new evidence he awaits in the form of thousands of telegrams, hundreds of resolutions, stacks of letters, scores of delegations asking that he pardon Morris U. Schappes.

RICHARD O. BOYER.

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CANADA LOOKS AHEAD

Imperative issues confront our neighbors to the north, as their Parliament prepares to reconvene. Shortcomings of the Mackenzie King administration. The labor-farmer fight for unity.

Toronto.

WHEN Canada's Parliament reassembles, it will meet in an atmosphere charged with momentous events. The approach of the great offensive in Europe, and the possible imminence of a federal general election, are stepping up the tempo—and the temperature—of political discussion throughout the Dominion. Here, criticism of the weaknesses in the leadership of the Mackenzie King government is closely tied to discussion of the prospects of postwar security. Even at this late date, Canadian labor is still fighting to obtain the equivalent of the Wagner Act and the social provisions of the American New Deal, as measures essential to wartime unity and postwar progress.

The temper of public opinion is reflected in the recent figures of a Gallup Poll on electoral support for the major parties: Liberals, twenty-eight percent; Conservatives, twenty-eight percent; Cooperative Commnowealth Federation (CCF) twenty-nine percent; others, fifteen percent. Significant here is the minority position to which the Liberal administration support has fallen—and the rise of the CCF to the status of a major political force. More than forty percent of the electorate have turned away from the two traditional old line parties. While these figures do not mirror the essential unity of the main parties and of the vast majority in support of a speedy and decisive victory, they nonetheless do indicate the powerful trend towards labor-farmer political action. The growth of this trend constitutes a criticism in action of the shortcomings of King's war leadership and opens up the possibility of electing labor-farmer majorities at Ottawa and in the provinces.

ON SEPTEMBER 22, Prime Minister King delivered a speech at a Liberal Party rally, in which he rejected the nationwide demands for revision of substandard wages, a democratic labor policy, and the redress of special grievances in French Canada. In so doing, he capitulated to the pressure of certain powerful big business interests conducting a vociferous campaign against social reform under the fraudulent and deceptive slogan of "defense of Free Enterprise."

In recent weeks this campaign has taken on a new intensity. George Drew, Conservative Premier of Ontario, issued a hair-raising appeal to "save the country from totalitarian socialism," and charged the reformist CCF with plotting revolution. Mr. King's Minister of Justice promptly announced his full agreement with Mr. Drew. Then Gladstone Murray, former head of the CBC and now publicity man for the tories, launched into a tirade against the "socialist threat," and accused the newly-formed Labor-Progressive Party of "conspiring to call a general strike once the war is over." And in Quebec the pro-fascist leader of the *Union Nationale* party, Maurice Duplessis, published a vicious anti-Semitic forgery, to the effect that the farms of Quebec were to be taken away from their owners and given to 100,000 Jewish refugees from Europe.

Behind these irresponsible outbursts is the bold attempt of monopolist circles to fasten on the country while at war their program of social retrogression for the peace. Thus Duplessis' provocation is a diversionary maneuver, designed to assist his campaign in defense of the power trust which the Quebec government is threatening to nationalize. Duplessis in Quebec, and the tories Bracken and Meighen in English Canada, speak in identical terms in opposition to "state intervention"—meaning social security legislation and a democratic labor code. They thereby give aid and comfort to such monopolies as the Dominion Textile Co. now defying the recommendation of a conciliation board that it recognize the United Textile Workers Union in its plants.

The King government was forced to "recognize" the gravity of the crisis on the industrial front last spring. It held an inquiry into wages and labor relations to which exhaustive data were submitted by many unions and people's organizations. Eight months later, the majority and minority reports of the Board remain unpublished; the labor representative on the Board has been unceremoniously dismissed by Order-in-Council—and the government has studiously refrained from implementing labor's recommendations.

This state of affairs has greatly facilitated the fomenting by the companies of strikes and lock-outs in aircraft and aluminum, and attempts in that direction in the textile industry. Win-the-war forces in the unions, by strenuous efforts, have limited such dislocations to a minimum; but it is understandable that the labor movement should begin to seek independent action in the political field. The conventions of both the AFL and the Canadian Congress of Labor in August went on record in favor of such action, in the latter instance endorsing the CCF. In the last week of November the Aircraft Lodge of the International Union of Machinists, which set an example to the whole country by initiating joint labor-management production committees, issued a scathing criticism of the government and a call for political action by the labor movement.

THE whole logic of developments in Canada during the war points to the growth of the labor and people's forces as the lever of all future advance. The crucial question is that of achieving the unity of these forces.

When Parliament reconvenes, it will include four new members chosen in by-elections last August: of the four, one is a Quebec nationalist of the *Bloc Populaire*, two are from the CCF, and the fourth, Fred Rose, a leader of the Labor-Progressive Party, was elected by a Montreal constituency. It is not an accident that three out of four of these MP's elected in 1943

The Rebel yell.

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from the West and from Quebec, are representatives of the Labor-Farmer forces in the country. But it is especially meaningful that the Quebec labor movement has for the first time elected a representative to the House of Commons. The tremendous pressure for social and economic progress in French Canada is making itself felt in many phases of Quebec's public life over and above the growing trend to labor political action. Its impact has produced a split in the clerical-nationalist *Bloc Populaire*, whose main leaders are torn between their connections with French-Canadian and other financial interests, and the social reform demands of their mass following.

At the same time, the leadership of the Catholic Church, mindful of the big CCF vote registered in August by French-Canadians in Northern Ontario, have issued a significant political directive to their adherents. Opening with a statement recognizing the widespread character of the demand for social reform, the Bishops' letter authorizes the faithful to support any political party whose tenets conform with Catholic social doctrine—and concludes with a call for unity against Communism. To the extent that the letter implies a partial concession to the growth of CCF influence and social reform pressure, it is a recognition of the realities of a forward-moving Quebec; but the attempt to resurrect the anti-Communist campaign is aimed at drawing right-wing, anti-unity CCF leaders in the wake of clerical-nationalist reaction—a not-too-unrealistic objective in the light of the repeated excursions into Red-baiting and rejections of labor unity by the CCF National Executive, but one which the CCF supporters will by no means accept without a fight.

ELECTORAL experiences, both in Ontario and the federal by-elections, have underlined the imperative need for labor unity. Effective unity in Ontario, where the CCF and Labor-Progressives won thirty-six seats as against thirty-eight for the Conservatives who now form the government, might well have meant a victorious Labor-Farmer majority. In Cartier, Montreal, Fred Rose won the seat for labor only by the narrowest majority over the pro-fascist *Bloc Populaire* candidate, owing to the CCF's splitting the progressive vote with cynical disregard for the consequences. Unquestionably, the CCF membership is pondering these lessons, and the achievement of electoral unity in the municipal field in the coming contests in Port Arthur, at the head of the Lakes, and in Hamilton, Ontario, are symptomatic of the growing sentiment for united action.

The Labor-Progressive Party, headed by Tim Buck, has from its inception at the Constituent Convention last August, fought for labor-farmer unity on the broadest possible scale. In pursuance of the policy put forward at the convention, the National Executive addressed proposals to the CCF National Council, urging agreement on joint action and discussion of the party's request for affiliation to the Commonwealth Federation. The CCF leaders rejected the proposals and demanded that the LPP repudiate its adherence to Marxism-Leninism.

Meanwhile, the Labor-Progressive Party is growing steadily in numerical strength and political influence. Tim Buck has carried its message to thousands in an intensive tour of the western provinces. Annie Buller, National Executive member, has laid the groundwork for an effective party organization throughout the maritime provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. And in Quebec a provincial constituent convention has been held with French-Canadian worker and farmer representatives from the lower St. Lawrence, Quebec City, the eastern townships, and the northern mining country, as well as from the Montreal area—a significant development. In Ontario the two provincial members of the legislature, A. A. MacLeod and J. B. Salsberg have made extensive tours in preparation for the party convention in that province.

On December 30, a national conference of the CCF will be held in Regina. Undoubtedly the issue of labor-farmer unity will make itself felt there with a new urgency derived from the experience of the recent past. The decisive battles of the anti-Axis war, and the job of harnessing the country's vastly enhanced productive capacities to the needs of postwar security and progress, demand that Canadian unity be strengthened. Such unity requires that the forces of labor and the people move forward to give increasing leadership to the nation's life.

STANLEY B. RYERSON.

Underground

RECENTLY Cyrus Sulzberger, correspondent in Cairo for the New York *Times*, reported that non-Yugoslav units were operating with Marshal Tito's Partisan Army. Among these units were Bulgarians, Rumanians, Czechs, Hungarians and Italians. But these are not all, for now a German company must also be included. This company is made up of German prisoners who have volunteered to fight with Tito's forces, as well as of German anti-Nazis who have escaped from concentration camps. There are also German underground fighters who have crossed frontiers and battle lines to join the Partisans.

On the day of the official establishment of the German company, its commander—Rudolf von Poros—sent the following message to the High Command of the Yugoslav Army of Liberation:

"Our Company sends its devoted and enthusiastic greetings to the Commander-in-Chief of the Yugoslav Army of Liberation and to the Chief of Staff of the Croatian army group. We pledge that we shall fight until our last drop of blood against fascism in order to undo the shame which was brought upon us and our nation by Adolf Hitler, the greatest criminal of Germany. Death to fascism! Freedom for our people!" Messages were also sent to the Free German Committees in London, Mexico, and Moscow.

The German company immediately went into action in Croatia. It carried with it a loud speaker to undermine the morale of the German detachments which garrison Croatia's occupied towns.

In the Croatian Army of Liberation there are also two units comprised of Austrians. These units are in constant communication with small guerrilla bands of Austrian peasants and workers operating in the mountainous territory of southern Carinthia and southern Styria. Franz Meyer, a peasant leader of a guerrilla band which set fire to the main wheat depot at Leoben, was caught by the Gestapo early in September and sentenced to death. On September 24 the German authorities announced the execution of Martin Micheli, thirty-seven; Johann Pech, forty-seven; Siegfried Pichwer, thirty-two; and Alexander Soukup, forty-two. With the exception of Micheli, who came from Vorarlberg, the others came from Styria. They were accused of having been members of a "terrorist band" and of having prepared acts of sabotage with "high explosives and weapons."

Stabsleiter Gunzenhauser, a leading Nazi in Carinthia, toured the country in order to "attack the spreading defeatism" and to defend the "activities of the courts against false sympathy with traitors." These traitors are, of course, members of the guerrilla bands and underground organizations in close touch with Yugoslav fighters across the border.

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HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION

As Peter V. Cacchione explains it, the best way is the democratic way—as a candidate of the people and for the the people. . . . The lessons of New York.

THE results of the recent New York City councilmanic election have left the old-line politicians groggy. It wasn't only my election that upset them; the biggest upset was the election of Benjamin Davis, Jr., attorney and outstanding Negro Communist. And they hadn't expected such a clean sweep of progressives. Two laborites in the Bronx: Michael Quill, fighting Irish leader of the Transport Workers Union, and the CIO's number one candidate; and Gertrude Weil Klein, incumbent. In Manhattan, Stanley Isaacs, a great fighter for progressive legislation, who received over 83,000 votes, the highest total in the city, and the only candidate to go past the 75,000 mark.

My total ran close to 69,000 votes; of these, 53,000 were first-choice votes, the highest given to any candidate. In 1941 I came in last of the nine councilmen elected from Brooklyn, and in 1943, I was first of six. Two years ago I polled 5.2 percent of the valid votes cast; this year I polled 12.4 percent, or an *increase* of seven percent over 1941.

One can understand why political observers, who had been in the political arena for many years, were astounded. Their "explanations" were interesting. Some of the papers attributed the victory to the "tremendous amount of money spent on the campaign"; others spoke of our literature, and how much of it we got out. Mr. Joseph T. Sharkey, Democrat and vice-chairman of the Council, talked of a "veiled" campaign—by which I suppose he meant that, after two years in the Council, and thousands of public appearances throughout Brooklyn, I was still unknown to the people of Brooklyn, or perhaps even to the Citizens Committee that worked so hard to elect me, as a Communist!

No, the answer isn't so simple as that. The fact is that the great majority of the people who voted for me did so neither because I am a Communist, nor in spite of my being one. They gave me their votes because I represented a clear win-the-war position. That was what they were voting about in this year of global war, 1943; and that's what the politicians all missed.

THE American people are part of a vast world movement, embracing hundreds of millions and moving towards common aspirations. They are feeling the impact of the war: almost ten million American boys and girls are now in the armed service, and there is hardly a family in Brooklyn that does not have a son, or brother, or father, or other relative away from home. The people want the Axis destroyed, and they want it done in the shortest possible way. They know that only the unity of the United Nations and of all forces in our country can bring this about. They want to see the enemies of that unity completely routed, both at home and abroad. They sense the tremendous danger to our country in the work of the anti-Semities and Negro-haters; in that section of the capitalist class that looks at the present emergency as a way of destroying labor's gains, and that hates Roosevelt more than Hitler; in the whole kit and caboodle of Red-baiters and anti-Sovieteers.

No other candidates from Brooklyn gave the attention to these issues that the Communist candidate did. Most of them treated the election campaign as a purely local affair, a mere matter of "city politics," entirely without connection with the great problems that are in the minds of the people. The character of our campaign was no mere election device. I have been in the Council two years. Ever since I got in, I have placed first and foremost the question of winning the war. It was no problem for us to go to the people with the same objectives I had been fighting for during nearly two years. True, the strategy has seemed to be to isolate me and my program in the Council. Not a single one of the bills and resolutions that I introduced was ever reported out of committees. I suppose this was meant to be a way of "killing me," politically speaking.

The one thing they overlooked is that Communists don't "kill" that easily. Although I was not a member of either the majority or minority caucus, I was not alone in the Council room. Behind me there were hundreds of thousands of sincere, honest citizens of New York who agreed with my program for winning the war. And I tried never to lose contact with these people. There were three chief ways in which I kept in constant touch with the people who put me into office: (1) Through a great many public appearances, at mass meetings, street corner rallies, and before all sorts of people's organizations. Part of this work consisted of the sale of war stamps and bonds at open air rallies and through my office at 16 Court Street, Brooklyn. (2) After being elected in 1941, I sent letters to 25,000 signers of our petitions, informing them that they were to feel free to come to my office at any time to discuss their problems. During the last two years, many hundreds of Brooklynites have come to the office in response to this invitation. (3) We have maintained continuous contact with the trade unions, civic, and other people's organizations. On every important issue—the five-cent fare, sabotage on the waterfront, the staggering of work-hours, etc. —I have mailed a statement of my position to these organizations urging them to take action.

WHAT were the results of these contacts? There are 6,000 members of the Communist Party in Brooklyn. Deduct those from the first-choice votes, and you have 47,000 non-Party voters who put me down first on their ballots; deduct that 6,000 again from the final total, and you have 63,000 voters who put me somewhere on their ballots. These people did not vote for the full program of the Communist Party. To believe that would be ridiculous, and Commuists do not at any time go in for basing their analysis on the ridiculous. But it is important to understand that, after all that has been said about my Party in the past few years—most of it untrue—the people of Brooklyn, and for that matter Manhattan, too, seem to be agreed in surprisingly high numbers that a Communist can make a pretty good *people's candidate*, good enough to be elected to the City Council in the largest city in the country.

I realize that the vote cast for me has placed greater responsibilities on me than ever before. But I also know that with people like Ben Davis, Mike Quill, Stanley Isaacs, Genevieve Earl, Gertrude Weil Klein and others beside me, the job of making the City Council an active win-the-war force in New York City life is going to be a lot easier than it was in 1942 and 1943.

Maybe that, after all, is what the people had in mind when they elected me. Maybe that's the secret of our success.

PETER V. CACCHIONE.

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THIS IS STALIN

Facts against myths regarding the Soviet leader. No "enigma" or "dictator," A. B. Magil discusses the role of Lenin's successor on the occasion of his sixty-fourth birthday.

If you can picture a personality that is exactly opposite to what the most rabid anti-Stalinist anywhere could conceive, then you might picture this man [Stalin].—Joseph E. Davies, "Mission to Moscow."

Stalin is flesh of the people's flesh. He is the son of a peasant cobbler and has preserved his kinship with the workers and peasants. Of him it can be said, more truly than of any other statesman I know, that he speaks the people's language.—Lion Feuchtwanger, "Moscow: 1937."

IN MARCH 1940 there appeared a book called *Stalin: Czar of All the Russias* by Eugene Lyons. Reading this book today is a curious experience. It is like an excursion to an insane asylum, with all the accepted values of the real world transformed into their opposites. The very opening page, which describes Stalin as "sprung from an offal-heap of feuding races," stamps the book as sprung from the offal-heap of Hitler's racist doctrines. (Elsewhere in the volume Lyons describes Stalin as lacking "the divine spark" of Hitler!) Yet at the time it appeared this book wasn't scorned. Perhaps it was not treated quite as seriously as the work which preceded it by several months and from which Lyons lifted most of his material and ideas, Boris Souvarine's *Stalin*. But hardly a voice was raised in the press to brand both these books as swindles and to declare that the Stalin of Souvarine and Lyons was a preposterous and malicious myth.

Lyons and Souvarine were, of course, extreme examples of what in Russia are called "gangsters of the pen" and in other countries "authoritative writers." Yet can it be said that the American press as a whole, including its liberal section, was not guilty of similar distortions? When the *Nation*, in an editorial on Trotsky's death in August 1940, described Stalin as a "practical anti-intellectual bent on personal power," it was merely giving us a refined version of Lyons'—and Hearst's—"Asiatic despot."

All that is like a bad dream. We have come out of the nightmare of those Munich-molded days into the sane world, the world whose symbols are Moscow, Cairo, Teheran. And part of this new sanity is the changed attitude toward Premier Stalin on the part of public opinion in all countries. This change has come, of course, as part of the process of learning the truth about the Soviet Union—a truth we have learned the hard way, at the cost of utmost national peril. The war has shown that the anti-Stalin myths concocted by the Nazis and their camp-followers in other countries could not survive the test of association with Stalin, of partnership with the USSR in the war against Nazism. The anti-Stalin tales have in fact proved to be the most easily exploded lies about our Soviet ally. For in a land like ours, nurtured in the tradition of individualism, what American, consulting his common sense—once the war had burst through the artificial barriers between ourselves and our Russian friends—could fail to appreciate the personal qualities of that extraordinary individual, Joseph Stalin? In fact, the very adjectives which a few years ago were called "extreme," "fanatical," "idolatrous," when used by Communists or other friends of the Soviet Union in regard to Stalin can today be heard on the lips of such extremists and fanatics as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Cordell Hull.

BUT it would be an illusion to think that all prejudices and misconceptions concerning the Soviet leader have disappeared. Vestiges of the Goebbels-Lyons-Souvarine mythology linger on, fed by the small clique of defeatists and professional Russia-haters, by bourbon Social Democrats and Trotskyites. Class bias is a subtle thing, and even with the best intentions the conditioned reflexes of our political thinking may trap us into false attitudes. Thus Max Lerner may have intended to pay tribute to Stalin when he wrote in an editorial anticipating the meeting of the Big Three: "Starting as a revolutionary adventurer, he has played a part in modern Russian history second only to Lenin's, and is now the head of a stable and consolidated Socialist power" (*PM*, November 22). Lerner should know that Stalin was never a revolutionary adventurer, any more than Thomas Jefferson was a revolutionary adventurer. He could not today be playing the role which Lerner ascribes to him had he begun in that fashion.

This points up a phenomenon which it is difficult to explain except in terms of the persistence of irrational class prejudice: the stubborn refusal of most political commentators to learn anything about Stalin beyond the impressions they have gathered since the Nazi invasion. These people have read all kinds of books—except those written by Stalin. It seems to me that American conservatives are being poorly served by this studied ignorance on the part of those who are supposed to help them understand this complex world. How was it possible, for example, for the New York *Times*, which for so many years had an excellent correspondent at Moscow in Walter Duranty, to have written editorially on July 10, 1941, only a few days after the Nazi invasion: "Nor is it strange that the unprovoked attack of Germany causes an upsurge of anger and patriotic feeling in Russia. This may sustain Stalin in the crisis, but it is bound to weaken his stranglehold in the long run." This is only one of many incredible blunders—putting it most charitably—regarding our Russian ally which America's leading newspaper has committed since (and before) Hitler's attack. What good does it do those who require insight and foresight, not hindsight, to be told now by Anne O'Hare McCormick in the *Times* of Nov. 8, 1943—nearly two and a half years later—that "It is plain that the [Soviet] regime is stronger than it was when the fighting began. Stalin is more confident of his leadership and Soviet Russia is more sure of herself than ever in her history. . . ."

Or consider the tedious speculations about whether Stalin has embraced "nationalism" as against Communism. I nominate for the Pulitzer price for fatuousness the following statement by Edwin L. James, managing editor of the *Times*, in the November 31 issue of that paper: "As has often been said, the big issue confronting the United Nations prior to the [Moscow] conference was whether Stalin, who had played a lone hand in an extraordinary manner, was in reality a Russian nationalist, working for the advancement and strengthening of his country, or whether Moscow, under Stalin, was still working for international revolution. President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill believed that he was at heart a nationalist and not an internationalist. The announcement of successful agreements at Moscow certainly goes a long way to support the theory of the President and of the Prime Minister."

IT IS certainly comforting to have the Big Issue of the Moscow conference settled to Mr. James' satisfaction. But was it really necessary for Mr. James to have waited in agonized suspense until the conference was over? By spending thirty cents he could have obtained from International Publishers two pamphlets of Stalin's wartime speeches (*The War of National Liberation*) and possibly gleaned some hints as to where Stalin stood. If he relied on the review of these pamphlets which appeared in the *Times* Book Review, he would not have been helped much, for that review was concerned largely with—Stalin's literary and oratorical style.

Should Mr. James read these addresses, he will find in the very first one, the fa-

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mous July 3, 1941 broadcast, the following: "He [the Nazi enemy] is out to restore the rule of the landlords, to restore czarism, to destroy *national culture* and the *national state existence* of the Russians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Lithuanians, Letts, Estonians, Uzbeks, Tatars, Moldavians, Georgians, Armenians, Azerbaidjanians, and the other free peoples of the Soviet Union, to Germanize them, to convert

Joseph Stalin

them into the slaves of German princes and barons." [My emphasis—A.B.M.] And in Stalin's next speech, on Nov. 6, 1941, he will find this:

"We have not and cannot have such war aims as the seizure of foreign territories, the subjugation of foreign peoples, regardless of whether it concerns peoples and territories of Europe or peoples and territories of Asia, including Iran. [A significant anticipation of the declaration on Iran two years later.—A.B.M.] Our first aim consists in liberating our territory and our peoples from the German fascist yoke.

"We have not and cannot have such war aims as imposing our will and our regime on the Slavs and other enslaved peoples of Europe who are awaiting our aid. Our aid consists in assisting these people in their liberation struggle against Hitler tyranny and then setting them free to rule on their own land as they desire. No intervention whatever in the internal affairs of other peoples!"

In a speech on Red Square the next day Mr. James will also find Stalin saying: "Let the manly images of our great ancestors—Alexander Nevsky, Dmitri Donskoi, Kusma Minin, Dmitri Pozharsky, Alexander Suvorov, Mikhail Kutuzov—inspire you in this war!"

All this will no doubt reassure Mr. James and strengthen his feeling that Stalin is, after all, a "nationalist" and not a "world revolutionist." But this feeling may not last long. For immediately after the mention of Nevsky, Donskoi et al., there appears the following: "Let the victorious banner of the great Lenin fly over your heads!" Lenin—wasn't *he* a "world revolutionist"? And such references to Lenin, as well as to "the great party of the Bolsheviks," occur in speech after speech.

In order to plumb this paradox it may be necessary for Mr. James to do a little more home work. For eight-five cents he can buy a collection of articles and speeches by Stalin called *Marxism and the National and Colonial Question*. Most of these were written years ago, some before the Revolution. He will be surprised to learn that even in the days when Stalin was supposed to be a revolutionary firebrand he did a lot of hard thinking and clear writing on what Mr. James calls "nationalism," but Stalin calls "the national question." No doubt he will be interested in Stalin's argument in May 1917 in favor of the right of self-determination for Finland, as against the bourgeois provisional government which denied this right. And perhaps if Mr. James manages to read through this book (unfortunately it does not read quite as fast as the latest Ellery Queen mystery), his appetite may be whetted for more. In which case I recommend an investment of two dollars and twenty-five cents for the new one-volume edition of Stalin's *Leninism* issued last year by International Publishers but never reviewed by the *Times*. Most of the contents of this book has been available in English for a dozen years or more, but I have no doubt it is completely *terra incognita* for Mr. James and the other editors of the *Times*.

From these modest beginnings Mr. James might eventually grow so bold as to read Lenin and Marx and Engels. And from all this he may finally learn to fathom the "enigma" of Stalin, learn that the conflict between Communism and patriotism, which he had always accepted as one accepts the multiplication table, is one of those dead dogmas, those stereotypes of *ersatz* thinking which have no roots in reality. And suddenly it may dawn on him that the USSR is both a socialist country and a federation of many *nations*, that it was, in fact, only under socialism and through socialism that these nations, so horribly oppressed by the czar, achieved liberation. He may discover that the Communist philosophy regards the existence of free, independent capitalist nations as indispensable for the development of working class internationalism and for progress toward socialism. And he may conclude that Stalin—like Lenin, Marx, and Engels, like the thousands of Communists who fight together with non-Communists in Europe's underground—is both a "nationalist" and an internationalist.

One of Mr. James' colleagues, Anne O'Hare McCormick, has also been having her troubles with Stalin. For her I prescribe the same course of treatment though in neither case do I guarantee a cure. Mrs. McCormick, a widely read and cultured woman, likes to write in a philosophical vein. Her only difficulty in philosophizing about Stalin is that she is no less ignorant of his life and work than is Mr. James. In an article on Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill in the *Times Magazine* of November 21 she writes: "There is not the slightest prospect that he [Stalin] will modify the system which has proved stronger under the test of war than even he could have predicted." This is evidently a case of mistaken identity. Mrs. McCormick has confused Stalin with another man whose name begins with S—Sulzberger—whose paper, the *Times*, did, in fact, predict, as we have seen, that the Soviet system would prove weak under the test of war. As for Stalin, in his very first speech shortly after the Nazi attack, he predicted that the Soviet system and the Soviet people "are bound to win." For that matter, he predicted it as far back as 1930 in his report to the sixteenth congress of the Soviet Communist Party; he also predicted it in his report to the seventeenth congress in 1934 and on various other occasions. Soviet resistance surprised a lot of people, but not Stalin. The reason why the predictions of Mrs. McCormick and the *Times* about Russia have been so unerringly wide of the mark is that they cling to foolish legends and are reluctant to recognize the elementary facts of Soviet life even when they appear in the *Times*' own news columns.

One of these foolish legends is—I quote Mrs. McCormick—"Stalin is the absolute dictator." She also writes of him: "He has the blunt decisiveness of a leader who is never contradicted. . . ." Evidently for Mrs. McCormick decisiveness is the mark of a dictatorial, undemocratic leader. Indecisiveness, then, must be a democratic virtue. Later in the article, however, she writes concerning Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin: "All three, moreover, are by nature men of strong will who are irked by interference." Are we to conclude, therefore, that Roosevelt and Churchill, despite Mrs. McCormick's assurance to the contrary, are also "dictators"?

I HAVE not the space to discuss Soviet democracy, about which there is ample information in the Webbs' *Soviet Communism*, the Dean of Canterbury's books and occasionally even in the pages of the *Times*. As for Stalin's own methods of work, I refer the reader to the chapter on him in Anna Louise Strong's *The Soviets Expected It*. I merely want to note one small fact. In his speech a year ago on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Soviet state Stalin said: "At meetings in celebration of the anniversary of the October Soviet Revolution it is customary to review the work of the government and party bodies in the preceding year. I have been instructed to make such a review for the past year. . . ." "I have been instructed"—who instructs this "absolute dictator"? The expression or its equivalent is not unusual in Stalin. Practically all of Stalin's speeches, as well as all im-

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portant political decisions, are products of collective discussion within the Political Bureau of the Communist Party. And Stalin regards himself as acting under its instructions. There is good reason to believe that the democracy within the Soviet Political Bureau and within the Council of People's Commissars would not suffer by comparison with that of any cabinet in the world, including Roosevelt's and Churchill's. Nor is Soviet democracy limited to the top. It in fact flows uphill, so to speak, out of all the multitudinous springs of the people's life.

The logic of the position that Stalin is an "absolute dictator" leads actually to the most extravagant Stalin-worship. For if all that the Soviet Union has achieved in the past two decades, if the unparalleled moral and political unity of the Soviet people in war and the epic of their resistance to and triumph over the Nazi armies—if all this is merely the expression of the will of one man, the result of dictation by a single supreme authority, then Stalin must be a god-like creature such as never walked the earth before. He is, of course, no such thing, but a very great man whose greatness has grown out of the rich soil of the people. Only this kind of a great man could have been capable of saying: "Of all the valuable capital the world possesses, the most valuable and decisive is people." Only this kind of a great man could have told the aviator Chkalov in urging him not to take unnecessary risks: a man is more valuable than any machine. Only this kind of a great man could have so led the Soviet people in peace and war as to enable them to survive the most terrible ordeal that any nation has ever endured and to grow stronger in that test.

In the Sept. 17, 1940 issue of NEW MASSES I published an article in which I dealt with the fabrications of Souvarine and Lyons and attempted an evaluation of Stalin's work. Of that article this much may be said: it could be published today without changing a word—and without putting its author to shame. NEW MASSSES was one of the very few publications which in those confused and difficult days lived up to the best traditions of a free press and affirmed what the world today gladly acknowledges: that the USSR was our natural ally, that Stalin was our friend "in fact, in spirit, and in purpose." On Dec. 21 Joseph Stalin was sixty-four years old. For him it must have been a happy birthday indeed. For after two and a half years of the most frightful war in history, the end is in sight. In sight too is the new beginning made visible at Moscow, Cairo, Teheran, a beginning lit with hope. And the world too rejoices that at the head of the Soviet state and the Soviet armies there has stood throughout these two and a half years and will stand for many more to come the man of steel—Stalin.

A. B. MAGIL.

READERS' FORUM

On Lewis Henry Morgan

TO NEW MASSES: Paul Rosas' article on Lewis H. Morgan in the November 30 number of NEW MASSES is so illuminating that it is good to know it is based on a larger work to be issued by International Publishers. The quotations from Frederick Engels make it clear that Karl Marx in Europe and Lewis H. Morgan in America arrived independently at the materialistic conception of history. No wonder that many contemporary anthropologists have taken fright at the present-day social implications of Morgan's findings on the evolution of primitive society!

Let us hope that Mr. Rosas will himself give us that critique of the critiques of the anthropology of Morgan-Marx-Engels which he has shown so plainly is needed in the present struggle against fascism.

New York. MABEL R. WHITE.

Free Speech for Fascists?

TO NEW MASSES: I could not believe my eyes. I have been following the discussion between Earl Browder and Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn ["Free Speech for Fascists?"] in the December 7 issue of your magazine with the greatest interest—a greater interest perhaps than that of the average reader of your publication because I am a member of one of the nations that are under the Nazi heel. I have been asking myself all the time: Why cannot what happened in France, in Italy, in Yugoslavia, and other occupied countries happen in America? One would almost come to the conclusion that a country has first to be overrun by the Nazi hordes before its people realize fully what this means.

One should think that Americans would learn from the terrible lesson that the European countries are learning under rivers of tears, sweat, and blood. So it seems to me that the thing Earl Browder is asking from his fellow countrymen is that they unite, in order to keep America from becoming another unhappy land.

But in steps Dr. Meiklejohn and says: No, Mr. Browder, I cannot cooperate with you. I want to fight the fascists abroad, on the battlefield, that is all right, but I do not want to fight them right here in America; I do not want to prevent the native fascists from poisoning American minds; I want to grant democracy to the native fascists in order to enable them to kill democracy, because this is in my opinion the real meaning of democracy. . . .

I wonder what the American soldiers who are giving their lives in order that democracy may *live* will think of Dr. Meiklejohn's views.

New York. ELISABETH DE STURLER.

TO NEW MASSES: I cannot in any reasonable manner agree that to "Advocate abridgement of the freedom of speech of American fascists" violates the first amendment. It drags out the old traditional right to cry fire in a theater where there is no fire. By now it should be clear that fascism means the overthrow of our government, law by decree, and the end of freedom of speech.

It would seem a hollow mockery to fight a war around the world to eradicate fascism and at the same time permit fascist propaganda in our country. Is it an abrogation of free speech, Professor Meiklejohn, to prohibit racial slander by law?

It is ironical that while most of the peoples in other parts of the world are completely disillusioned with Nazism and fascism we tolerate these fascists in our midst.

Mr. Browder's reply is honest and to the point.

Detroit. BEN MARX.

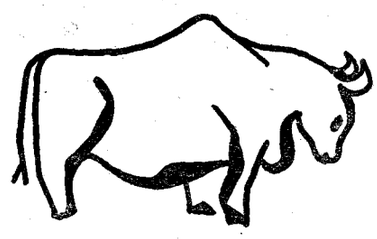
Anti-Semitism in Fiction

TO NEW MASSES: Is it not now the time to object strenuously to anti-Semitism, anti-Negroism, to all fascist ideas of race whether they raise their heads in high or in low places? E. P. Dutton has recently published a murder mystery, *Death and Bitters* by Kit Christian, a trivial story but one read by who knows how many people. The leading police officer, a good man, not the comic cop, in interviewing a certain McGregor, hints that hs conceals an awful thing. What is this fearful secret? He, a most obnoxious individual, is a Jew. To be sure he has been pretending to be otherwise, but the hero and heroine of the book then and later can insult him no more than calling him, "Mr. Levine." And the final scene of the novel has the hero and heroine, in vaudeville manner, giving Levine a kick.

Is this small stuff? I think not. I think when E. P. Dutton publishes a book with this sort of snide anti-Semitism it is helping to support and to grow a truly fearsome thing.

It's not hard to do—yet it is not easy. I don't like to do it, but I did. I wrote a letter to E. P. Dutton and Co. I am now writing to the editors of progressive weeklies, asking that all decent minded folk everywhere protest to the source, publishers, radio studios, Hollywood, whenever this nauseous type of thing rears its ugly head. We have to act. We cannot be quiescent longer.

Berkeley, Calif. R. S. STEWART.



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SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

FOR as long as I can remember, Christmas has been the beautiful time of my years in life. The first, the very first picture I have in my mind from out of all the passing moments, the dimly travelled days, is the moment when I was just three and stood beside my parents looking into a green tree infinitely bright with light and beside it a rocking horse with a mane of long white hair. I still have, unperishable, enduring forever in my heart, that exploding fragment of ecstasy; I can smell the evergreen and hear the tears behind my mother's laughing; I can see the twilight dawn in the windows, thick with snow; and oh! how I see the brightness everywhere glistening and shining on the deep green tree; and the flowing white mane on my rocking horse.

After the first Christmas there were the years my sister and I sang (in our frightful monotones) and acted (with considerable dash) in the Christmas entertainments of the East Cleveland Presbyterian Church. My mother was an energetic atheist so we never were convinced Wise Men or devout angels; we frequently made a scandal by lecturing less sophisticated angels on the origin of the Christ legend. But if we didn't believe in the shepherds watching their flocks by night, we believed, as all children will always believe, in Christmas. As we stood in the wings of the little stage, our hearts melted in a deep sweet lyrical excitement. And then we Wise Men and Shep herds, taking our cue with only a slight stage wait, lined up in a straggled row, in front of the Christmas tree and the manger, and sang loudly, "Away in a Manger," and "O Little Town of Bethlehem." And then at the very end, after we had our popcorn balls and hard candy from the tree, with everybody in the crowded church standing up in the wonderful twilight of the Christmas tree lights and the candles, and the organ swelling—at the very end, everyone sang "Holy Night," and after a moment's breathless hush, the great, noble hymn, "Adeste Fidelis." Only we called it "Oh Come All Ye Faithful," and we sang it because we believed, for that enchanted moment, in the love of men for their brothers.

I CAN remember every Christmas; I count the time by the holidays. I remember the agony of the Christmas after I met my first beau: Would he bring me a present? I remember the midnight masses, shadowed and full of pomp; my sister and I went with our cousins and we thought it a proud pageant, but not like the Wise Men singing "Away in the Manger." We were older.

Our first Christmas Eve in New York we spent going to a succession of raucous egg nog parties. When we came home, late at night, we looked silently into the room empty of the evergreen smell, the brightness missing, no Christmas anywhere, only the stale aftermath of loud dull parties; and we turned on the radio and listened to a synthetic "Adeste Fidelis" and cried with all our hearts. From that moment we began looking for Christmas. We were, at last, too old for the Christmas made by our family. It was time for us to make our own.

I am writing this surrounded by the wonderful litter Christmas stirs up in our household. Most of the packages are wrapped; I save my bright ribbons from year to year and so the pile of boxes on the bed is covered with enormous red bows and tinsel and holly and there is a great splotch of color in this corner, red and blue and gold and brave stripes. I've stuffed four stockings. I look at them every day, and grin when I see the music box sticking out of the baby's stocking. I can hardly wait until she hears that fabulous tinkle. Paddy's new train station and the new pieces of track are all over the floor. Papa is currently brooding over transformer diagrams, a monkey wrench clenched in his teeth, eleven wires—I counted them—dangling in his fingers. Paddy will be speechless with joy when he sees his old little train expanded into what to him will seem a professional railroad system.

I am writing this because I love Christmas with all my heart; I am writing this because I found Christmas again after the years of looking. This year, when we march singing through the door the children have eyed with such longing all Christmas Eve and all Christmas breakfast, this year when we come to the Christmas tree, clasping our hands together, all of us, this year we will be five. And like every other family, in the moment when we see our children looking into the lovely miracle of the shining lights, my husband and I will be thinking of the ones we loved who will never see Christmas now, ever, but who live again, forever immortal, in our children's joy.

I AM writing this because on Christmas day, in the city of Budapest, there will come soldiers in the uniform of the German army, and they will go to the homes of certain people, designated as Jews, and they will take these people to a field not far from the city. The soldiers will machine-gun these people, but very carelessly, so that when these Jews of Budapest are buried in the lime graves, many will watch the earth falling over them. And very many will live upon this earth only for the brief moment needed to watch the dear youngest, the baby, die, coughing blood, or the father fall, crying out God's name, under the mechanical rain of murdering steel.

The people called Jews in the city of Budapest will die this Christmas day because we—you and I and the friend we love and the stranger walking the street before us—because we, Americans of good will, honest people and true people, turned away our eyes from the agony, because we would not be our brother's keeper.

It is true. The Jews of Budapest will die this Christmas because we Americans did not irresistably command: "Open a second front! Save the people of Europe! Destroy the destroyer, Hitler! Share with the people of Europe and Asia, and with the Soviet people.

We said it. But the Jews of Budapest will judge, on that cold field, how well we said it, and how loud. They are the brothers. Have we been their keepers?

I am writing this because I love the beautiful time of Christmas. Christmas is immortal. We teach our children, in the radiance of the Christmas light, to love each other and all people, for men are brothers everywhere. I hope my children learn this lesson with braver hearts and a greater passion than I and my generation ever learned it. I hope my baby Eileen and my fine son Patrick will never look into the brightness of the Christmas morning and know in their souls that somewhere in the world, on a lonely field, men die; die because my children did not shield them with their love, and yes, with their bodies, because my children failed them in the hour when they cried out for help.

Let my children never think, as they lead their own dear ones to some Christmas tree in distant time, let them never, all their lives, hear the echoes of the sad question: *Where are my brothers tonight?*

Let my children have Christmas with pure hearts.

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WHAT PLANS FOR THE ARTS?

The arts today, writes Samuel Sillen, cannot solve their problems on the old basis. A larger fight is necessary—"for an enriched and more secure life."

IN CURRENT discussions of postwar planning, too little attention is paid to the status of the arts and artists of America. This is not surprising. As a nation we have not altogether overcome the immature habit of regarding music, painting, poetry, and the theater as fringe activities. The arts are the dispensables of our political economy, the "frills and fusses" which are the first to feel the pinch of contraction and the last to share the blessings of expansion. As yet, they are not an organic part of our thinking about national problems.

The reactionaries have understood too well, alas, that this is perhaps the weakest link in democratic defense. In the WPA days, they carefully chose the federal arts projects as their first line of attack. They have assailed dancers and mural designers with far more bitterness than they have even pretended to feel toward Hitler. Largely as a consequence of the WPA defeat and continuing sabotage by reactionaries opposed to any government aid or even encouragement, the arts in this war have had to pull for victory with weights around the ankles.

The situation, obviously, will not automatically right itself in the postwar period. Unless there is a serious change, the artist who returns from the front will find himself, as in the past, a kind of fifth wheel in a "practical" economy that has no use for such superfluities. The artist must start thinking about the future; he must start fighting his way into the planning picture. Even though he is far from ready for delusively attractive blueprints, he must at least make his presence felt.

The people will listen to his case if he learns to present it properly. For at no time, I believe, has the country been more ready to assimilate the idea that work in the arts is an integral element in production for national well-being. The significant fact is that public practice is ahead of public thinking on this subject. As an inescapable result of popular media like the movies and radio, the masses of Americans have begun to feel, though not as yet in a militant way, that they have a real stake in the free and robust functioning of the arts. It is not as a philanthropic gesture that Texaco now sponsors opera and General Motors symphonic music; this is today a sure-fire method of reaching millions of American customers. Into the army camps have come plays from an isolated Broadway; returning troops will be in a mood to support theater movements in the hitherto drama-starved cities of the land. The people have come to expect the arts; they are ready to understand the artists who make them conscious of problems that cannot be solved in ways that sufficed when culture was a commodity for the few.

WE ARE in somewhat the same position in regard to the arts as were the founders of the republic in relation to education as a whole. In the 1818 report on the University of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson had to answer those who argued that the arts and sciences were matters of private rather than of public interest. "Some good men," wrote Jefferson, "and even of respectable information, consider the learned sciences as useless acquirements; some think they do not better the condition of men; and others that education, like private and individual concerns, should be left to private individual effort; not reflecting that an establishment embracing all the sciences which may be useful and even necessary in the various vocations of life, with the buildings and apparatus belonging to each, are far beyond the reach of individual means, and must derive existence from public patronage, or not exist at all."

Jefferson's words cover the situation today in the arts. It is becoming quite plain that the American theater, for example, cannot solve its problems on the old basis. Significant in this respect is the interview with John Golden published in the New York *Times* for Dec. 12, 1943. Mr. Golden, a Broadway producer, believes that the "theater is as much an institution of culture as our libraries and to deny to the theater the kind of subsidies which libraries receive is to place the theater unfairly outside the culture category." Mr. Golden therefore proposes a "governmentally subsidized theater, that is a People's Theater, run by the people for the people in the sense of its being operated at such low prices as is possible when the grim necessity of making a profit is removed."

I would emphasize at this point that neither Mr. Golden nor I propose the abandonment of privately owned theaters when we have won the war. Mr. Golden is sufficiently far-sighted to recognize that the commercial theater itself would benefit by the co-existence of national and civic stage organizations. Such organizations would educate new audiences that have been kept away from the theater by prohibitive prices. And they could "afford to and would have to run an acting school which would incubate players and dramatists for both [their] own stage and for the commercial stage." The Broadway producer goes on to say that the example provided "by the splendid accomplishment of the Russian state-subsidized theaters during the war and before the war is one that I think we ought to follow; they have developed great actors and playwrights and made beautiful productions in peace and geared their theater to the war by giving tens of thousands of performances before their fighting men and women."

NOR is this a matter of hopeful but unrealistic thinking. The opening on December 11 of the City Center of Music and Drama in New York was a momentous step forward in the direction here indicated. For ten years Mayor La Guardia has dreamed of this project. He had to fight against the same kind of reasoning that Jefferson attacked in 1818. Finally, with the cooperation of the New York trade unions, the dream has come true. New Yorkers may now, at considerably reduced prices, hear concerts and operas, and see plays, in their own auditorium. There is cause for pride in the event. Even more important, there is every reason for artists particularly to point to new horizons that are opened up by such non-profit enterprises.

It is not without interest that on the opening day of the City Center, the Metropolitan Opera Association was forced to issue an emergency appeal for $300,000

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to carry on its work. The appeal was directed to the mass radio public, upon which the Association has had to depend increasingly for support; private patronage no longer suffices. The Metropolitan has just this year succeeded in persuading the New York State Legislature to grant tax-exemption on that part of its property which is used for opera purposes. The opera clearly is coming into the public domain. And its public character is just as clearly coming into contradiction with its private origin. It appears to be close to the stage in which, to repeat Jefferson's words, it "must derive existence from public patronage, or not exist at all."

In the current issue of *Modern Music*, Douglas Moore, composer of "Prayer for the United Nations," has a stimulating article on "Young Composers after the War," which is very much to the point and which may apply equally to all the arts. Mr. Moore recalls that when he returned from naval duty after the last war he was completely shattered in professional morale: "If a legacy from my father had not made it possible to go on with professional training, I am certain that I would not have continued as a musician." Having been in the armed service two years, his musical activity had virtually ceased; without money, he could not have afforded to undertake his musical reconstruction. Mr. Moore says: "There are many musicians in the service today, instrumentalists, singers, teachers, and composers who will be lost to music if they are not encouraged and assisted at the end of the war. The artistic growth of the country makes it necessary that this talent be not wasted. Plans for their future should be undertaken now before the crucial moment of demobilization arrives. . . . The problem is too difficult and will be too widespread for solution by any small groups or by a few individuals. It should be the national responsibility of our musical world to secure not only jobs, but sympathy, encouragement and support for these young artists who have served in the war, when that war is over."

I would amend Mr. Moore's statement in only one respect. The "musical world" alone cannot secure the jobs and provide the encouragement. The problem cannot be limited to a craft approach. The central reality is that none of the arts today has sufficient organization and power to solve the postwar problem independently. Planning for artistic reconstruction must go hand in hand with planning for the country as a whole. And this means joining forces with those groups in American life, particularly the labor movement, which can be relied on to fight for a program of national well-being rather than of narrow interest. The real job of the "musical world" as of the theater, painting, and poetry world, is to drive home in a vital way the truth that the arts are an indispensable part of national well-being; and there will be no better way to demonstrate this than in active alliance with the public in its larger fight for an enriched and more secure life.

In commemoration of Sol Funaroff, gifted anti-fascist poet who died a year ago, there will be a public meeting sponsored by leading poets at Tom Mooney Hall, 13 Astor Place, New York, on Monday, Dec. 27, 7:45 P.M. A posthumous book of poetry by Funaroff will be presented for the first time. Musical settings of the poems by Clarence Profit and Jimmy Johnson as well as dances based on the text, by Jane Dudley and Sophia Delza, will be featured at the meeting, to which New Masses readers are cordially invited.

Books in Review

THE FORGOTTEN ALLY, *by Pierre van Paassen. Dial. $2.75.*

INTO this book Pierre van Paassen has written much of the sorrow, disenchantment, and bitterness of a large segment of the Jewish people, distraught because of their impotence in the face of the Nazi terror in Europe, their unavailing efforts to secure the rescue of survivors in the occupied lands, and their own disunity and lack of direction. Though a non-Jew, van Paassen has for years pleaded their cause, especially that of the Zionists. This volume is an exhortation to the Christian world to make amends for its indifference to the Jews' fate through the immediate establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. It is, at the same time, a severe castigation of the British Colonial Office for what the author charges has been a deliberate attempt to foil and paralyze the attempt to develop Palestine as a homeland for the Jews.

Mr. van Paassen's book is characterized at once by some very persuasive and eloquent writing, as well as by some astonishingly false thinking, more calculated to fill distressed hearts with bitterness than with hope. It is in the historical and narrative portions that the author is at his best. His account of the amazing extent to which Palestinian Jewry has contributed to the United Nations war effort:—the heroism, self-sacrifice, and devotion which they exhibited in Palestine, at Tobruk, in El Alamein; the individual and collective exploits, such as that of Major Felix Liebmann and his small contingent, constitutes a valuable document in the history of contemporary heroism. Almost one-fifth of the population of Palestine volunteered for service in the war, though Palestine was, technically, a neutral country.

Less heartening, though no less vivid in the telling, is the story of Arab-Jewish relations and the effects of the policies of the British Foreign Office. There can be little doubt that the die-hard tories have, since the last war and the promulgation of the Balfour declaration, done their utmost to divide Arabs and Jews. Rioting and bloodshed have occurred intermittently since 1919. Mr. van Paassen charges that much of the agitation for a spurious pan-Arab movement is led by self-styled national liberators, traditionally more sympathetic to fascism than to the Atlantic Charter, and is to be laid at the door of the Jew-haters in the Foreign Office. The upshot of all this unrest and the subsequent investigation by the Royal Commission was the notorious "White Paper" of 1939, which was forced through Parliament by the late unlamented Chamberlain and which would terminate all immigration into Palestine beginning with 1944.

Mr. van Paassen's anger is justified, though the conclusions he draws are not. His hatred and suspicion of the British Colonial Office have apparently destroyed his faith in the present war. Nazism becomes identical "in principle and practice" with the policies ("without the pressure of war") of Great Britain, France, and Holland. England and America are already laying vast plans for international cartels. "What kind of freedom," he asks, "are we fighting for? Economic freedom? Racial freedom? National liberation and independence? Economic and racial equality?" Significantly enough, there is no mention of the role of the Soviet Union in this war or in postwar plans; or, for that matter, of the meaning of the victories of the Red Army for the oppressed peoples of Europe, including the Jews. Nor is there mention of the amazing acceleration of democratic movements all over Europe: the unification of the French Committee of National Liberation, the Yugoslav liberation movement under Tito and Dr. Ribar. Mr. van Paassen was not ignorant of these, though he could not have anticipated the decisions of the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran conferences!

VAN PAASSEN's excessive Zionism leads him into some strange formulations, at which even Zionists might cavil. Thus he states categorically that "only the Zionist Jew is a true American patriot." Or, in another context, "The Gentile knows that the Jew belongs to an oriental people who have lived two thousand years in the Occident, but that he retains that which is his greatest glory, the imprint of the East, his ethnical, racial, and national characteristics and that to a certain extent he is, happily, not assimilable to the crude, darker aspects of Christian western civilization, with its glorification of violence and lack of mercy." This is neither good history nor good anthropology.

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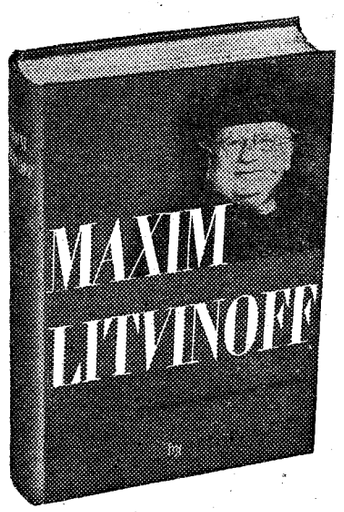

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For all its merit, the book cannot but add to the dark confusion which already besets so much of the thinking being done on the Jewish problem today, and which springs from a fundamental failure to accept these elementary truths: The solution of the Jewish problem is inconceivable without a speedy victory over Nazism. Obviously you will not win this war unless you have confidence in the possibility of victory and in the objectives you are fighting for. And *The Forgotten Ally* does not inspire you with a burning zeal to fight fascism. Only in the framework of a democratic, anti-fascist peace settlement can the future of the Jews (whether of Palestine or of Europe) be safeguarded. Without victory and a democratic peace, a Zionist Palestine could not exist.

The basis for a victory over fascism and a democratic peace has recently been outlined by the leaders of four of the United Nations. Their declarations are the full expression of the sentiments of all democratic peoples, whether in the free or the occupied countries. They are also guarantees for the future. And in that future the Jews will share. It is that future they must help create.

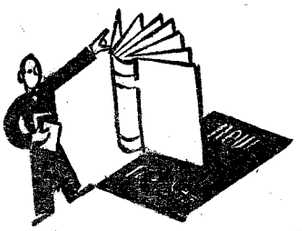
FREDERIC EWEN.

Group Medicine

KAISER WAKES THE DOCTORS, *by Paul De Kruif. Harcourt Brace. $2.00.*

THIS could have been an exciting book. It covers the subject of group medicine and is written by one of America's most capable scientific writers. Paul De Kruif is for group medicine and wants more of it. He is against the "medical deserts" that exist all over the country and writes bitterly about the failure of American medicine to provide properly for America. For we have a medical science that is second to none, with the finest institutions, laboratories, and physicians. And this splendidly equipped and technically advanced profession has been manipulated by the conservative politicians of the American Medical Association into attitudes against cooperative and socialized medicine.

There are many desirable features and gains to be made through the establishment of group practice in this country and De Kruif writes with the enthusiasm and passion of a zealot for his cause. His story is the Henry J. Kaiser-Dr. Sidney Garfield plan for workers in the Kaiser factories and shipyards. The industrialist and the doctor worked out a low-cost medical plan and brought air-conditioned hospitals and the finest surgical equipment to the workers on the Boulder Dam project. They cooperated with the labor unions and built the Permanente Foundation for Kaiser's California workers, and the California Medical Association reporting on the foundation says, "An inspection of the facilities by qualified physicians has disclosed that an up-to-date



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medical service of unquestioned merit is being performed. Hospital and treatment facilities are excellent and well qualified and well paid physicians are available for any kind of medicine and surgery." The ideas of the industrialist and the far-seeing doctors have merged and eliminated the high cost of individual practice, modern hospital facilities, and proper surgical and X-ray equipment.

But De Kruif in his anxiety to prove his case has overstated it, erred and confused the issues involved. Group medicine becomes his panacea for solving all the medical problems in the United States. This is overstated because at best it is a palliative, not a cure. The plan he discusses gives care to a group of prosperous war workers who can afford to pay for good health care when it is available. It is also possible because of the concentration of workers in areas where there is a dearth of doctors. But the plan offers no hint as to what happens to the indigent, the unemployed, the chronically ill and the mentally ill.

The author errs because he holds that prepaid industrial-group medicine goes "beyond even Soviet dreams." Large-scale group medical practice has proved inadequate in many countries like Sweden and New Zealand. It can do very little about malnutrition which cripples children. It has done less about slums, breeding ground for tuberculosis, and nothing about unemployment, which leads to prostitution and the attendant evils of venereal diseases. The so-called "Soviet dreams" have built socialized medicine, which is not in business for private gains but for the health of the people. It has given the world the practical applications of the principle of preventive medicine. It has built recreation and rest homes; provided special protection for mothers and children; it services workers at the factories with polyclinics, and has made health a national cultural and scientific problem. These "dreams" have proved of tremendous reality in the battlefield against the Nazi beast.

On one hand, De Kruif would "keep medicine out of the hands of the government bureaucrats," and on the other hand he presents a program for "the government to provide doctors with an extra compensation, and special encouragement for the health centers that they will be ready and anxious to organize. The government might well guarantee these returning doctors not fifty, but eighty percent of the cost of building their needed facilities."

The De Kruif of *The Fight for Life* and *Health is Wealth* would not have written such a contradictory and exaggerated report. That De Kruif would not have inserted such disturbing side remarks as "colored gentleman in the economic woodpile," "long-haired medical radical," and "hare-brained do-gooder." Group medicine is needed in the United States—as is a better report.

JAMES KNIGHT.

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In peacetime the actors of the Soviet Union performed in the finest buildings in the country. Theater regulations were law to the audience, and entering an auditorium after the first bell when the curtain rose was regarded as outright sacrilege. At the front, however, where the stage may be hastily improvised in a block house, spectators come in whenever they can, after operations, and the incessant hum of Heinkels and Messerschmitts and Yakovlevs is beyond the most rigid usher's control.

It is with a feeling of deepest gratification that actors entertain our fighting men. They have realized more than ever how important the arts are to the people. Actors from the Central Children's Theater, after a three-month tour of the front lines, told me about a talk they had with a marine. He had attended the show during the day and in the evening when he saw the actors lying in their bunks he said, "It is true that you're not called up, isn't it?"

"Some are, while others are expected to continue work in the theater."

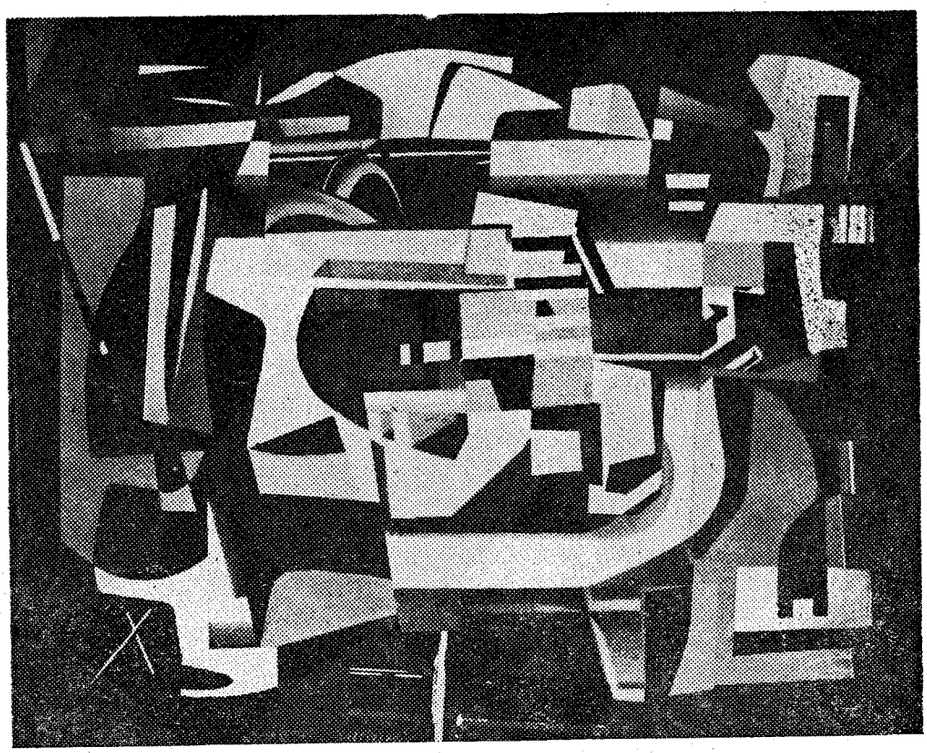
"Well, I certainly wouldn't draft actors," he said meditatively. "You're at the front anyway. And if you were in active service how would we get along without art? Perhaps today I listened to poetry and music for the last time."

A sapper who has crawled ten miles with a hundreds pounds of explosives on his back, under hail of fire before fulfilling his mission, rushes back as fast as his legs can carry him to be on time for the show. Actors know this—that's why they are unperturbed by all the difficulties and inconveniences. They are eager to perform for the Army and Navy—they feel it is their honorable duty to make their art serve their country.

Beginning with the country's largest company of performers—the Moscow Bolshoi Theater, Opera, and Ballet—all of the Soviet actors visit the front from time to time. Sometimes it is a team from one theater; sometimes it is an ensemble composed of performers from several troupes, including dramatic actors, singers, dancers, and musicians. Fragments from different plays are presented, or at times whole plays for which portable scenery is brought along. Special vaudeville numbers are often given.

Each theater works out its own ways to give shows at the front. In the Central Theater every actor performs for the soldiers on one occasion or another, and the theater has given 1,500 frontline shows in which sixty percent of the troupe have participated. The Moscow Vakhtangov Theater has set up a special affiliated branch to entertain the fighting forces for the duration. This branch puts on plays especially for the army and enjoys extremely wide popularity among the men. Similar branches have been created by the Moscow Maly Theater. Nine frontline theaters, seven dramatic groups, one musical company, and one variety troupe, including branches mentioned above, are under the supervision of a special wartime theater managing department in the arts committee. These companies rehearse programs especially adapted for presentation under frontline conditions.

It would be a gross mistake to think that programs for soldiers' entertainment must necessarily bear on war. In fact, Alexei Arbuzov, chief director of one of the frontline theaters, told me that Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stooped to Conquer* was the most popular play on the northern front. This charming old English comedy has found its way into the hearts of seamen and flyers. It would be safe to say that William Shakespeare and Alexander Ostrovsky are among the favorite dramatists with the men on the battlefront. In concert programs. Tschaikowsky, Glinka, and Beethoven rank high; and the Soviet people and Red Armymen never tire of the poems of Alexander Pushkin and Mikhail Lermontov. Nor has war changed that need. Moreover, the higher the plane of frontline theaters' repertory and acting, the more vividly do men and officers perceive the ideals for which they are fighting.



"Abstract Collage," paper construction by Ad Reinhardt on exhibition at the Teachers College gallery of Columbia University until December 24.

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The interests and tastes of military audiences have an exceedingly wide range. Performers build their programs accordingly, including the best modern plays, and poems by Vladimir Mayakovsky and Nikolai Tikhonov and other poets, as well as readings from Maxim Gorky's works. Mikhail Sholokov, Alexander Fadeyev, Ilya Ehrenburg are popular, as are the songs of Parisaac Dunayevsky.

On many occasions frontline companies arrive with playwrights and composers who work for them on the spot. In such cases, impromptu programs are presented. A song extolling some brave dead comrade, a march especially composed for the men of a particular unit where shows are being given, humorous couplets or limericks based on some phase of the common events of life on the battleline are all received with the warmest appreciation. The theater moves on to another unit, leaving behind a song or march as a lasting souvenir. Thus, for example, a group of performers who call themselves "Happy Landing," sang a Cossack song especially composed in honor of General Kirichenko's Cossacks whom they were entertaining. Today it is one of the most popular songs among Cossacks.

Assembling the teams and choosing a repertory does not by any means exhaust the problems connected with entertainment at the front. It is no small task to create stage effects with the scanty means available in portable cases. Much ingenuity and adaptation are required. The accordion, for example, must be the piano of such programs. One of the makeup men of the Vakhtangov Front Theater invented a special soft board for ironing costumes before performances.

Song and dance ensembles, whose main repertory consists of folk songs and dances, interpret present-day composers and poets and are extremely popular with fighting men. They are sent to all sections of the front. The famous Red Army ensemble led by composer Vano Muradeli and others performs all along the battle areas.

Whereas classic plays and symphonies represent the cultural values which must be defended, the song and dance ensembles present art on the level of the audience itself. The difference between performers and spectators often disappears and the latter join in the songs and dances.

Since soldier audiences generally want to see plays in full costume, and actors and singers who give solo recitals in evening dress, performers are as fastidious about their appearance as if they were on the Moscow stage. One exception is the navy ensemble, some of whom are recruited from the navy amateur musical and dance groups, in which performers wear the same uniforms as the audience.

Despite the many teams that tour the front and the established frontline theaters, the demand for army entertainments is still far from being satisfied. Here the gaps are successfully filled by amateurs, and in small army units the men create their own theatricals, choruses, and string orchestras. Between battles both men and officers find recreation in entertaining each other with the same ardent enthusiasm and interest in the arts with which they respond to the professional theater sent to perform for them. Art is as necessary to the Soviet soldier as bread and water. It helps to conquer.

ANDREI GONCHAROV.

On the Boards

"The Voice of the Turtle" is small but enchanting theater.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE, *a new comedy written and directed by John van Druten. Settings by Stewart Chaney. Presented by Alfred de Liagre, Jr.*

HERE is where style and wit make alchemy and the old seems new. For *The Voice of the Turtle* is an exceedingly slim boy-meets-girl story, yet it comes forth into the gay platinum interior of the Morosco, fresh, direct, full of salt and sentimental savor. There is much laughter, and because Sally and Bill are so very believable, there is also, I noticed, a happy tear.

Always the most economical of playwrights, the author has contrived to tell his story with three characters moving about in a single set. But what a set! A most tidy, three-room apartment, modern kitchen, sunken living room and a bedroom, all open to us, all closed off from each other and permitting an interesting variety of movement as well as a counterpoint of action between people in different rooms. Indeed the apartment is so lively a part of the play, that, considering the circumstances that except for perhaps fifteen minutes there are never more than two characters on stage, it may almost be said that Chaney has provided another character, tactful, tolerant, and benign.

The story is soon told. Olive, a bit-actress, dates her old friend, Bill Page, for the last week-end of his furlough. They are to meet in actress Sally's home. But at the last moment, Olive breezes out for a sudden sailor, and Bill and Sally—well, you take it from there. The charm of what follows flows from the unforced naturalness with which the relationship between these utterly diverse personalities develops. For Margaret Sullavan's Sally is a bright, mercurial being, intense, emotionally adolescent, talkative, inquisitive, self-searching, insecure and humorless about herself, but withal, as delightful as a gifted child. In contrast, Elliott Nugent's Bill is calm, practical, leisurely, humorous, direct and entirely adult. Sally's speech is nervous in both timber and pace; Bill phrases his thoughts with unhurried simplicity and in the mildest voice. Sally is almost always in abrupt flinging movement; Bill is contained. She takes love the hard way; he won't have it unless it's fun. However, they have this in common: a delicate perceptivity in getting to know each other, an early fear of falling in love due to previous disappointments, and at the end of the week-end, a recognition that they have both a great talent for love—and that a talent, in Milton's warning words, is death to hide.

Van Druten has staged his own play with a rightness in every detail that fully justifies his temerity in the presence of two such excellent directors as Alfred de Liagre, Jr. and Nugent. He has, of course, been wonderfully fortunate in his cast: for Sullavan and Nugent, alone on stage for the greater part of the evening, never let him down; and Audrie Christie is perfect as the brash, man-eating Olive. But his guiding hand is apparent in many diverting bits of business and especially in the cleverly placed pantomimic rests with which he has broken what might have become a talky play. Altogether, he has conquered the difficult, self-imposed bareness of his material and fashioned it with a sharp and imaginative skill. *The Voice of the Turtle,* which is the voice of the dove in spring, thus sings in most pleasant and satisfying style through an evening of small but enchanting theater.

"Songs of a Semite"

ANNA SOKOLOW's dance recital held recently at the YMHA, though partly made up of old numbers which we have reviewed before, presents as the second half of the program a new work deserving of considerable comment, "Songs of a Semite." "Songs of a Semite" affirms once more its earnest composer's continuing effort to hew her repertoire out of the solid foundation of modern man's social outlook. A pretty fancy phrase, that, particularly when applied to the modern dance. But we have long since passed that naive period when diehards on both sides debated "social content" in the dance. It is academic to question now whether the dance, *within its own genre,* and employing its own kinesthetic language, is as capable of projecting a social theme as a film or a play or a poem or a painting. The fact is—the dance *has* done so. And major works by Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman as well as numerous other artists testify to this reality.

Today one asks rather how well has the dance composer translated her social consciousness into the formal code of her art and how effectively did she kindle the fire of communication between herself and her audience. "Songs of a Semite," by this reviewer's standards, then, passed the test.

The theme is the terrible tragedy of the Jewish people today. The agonized refugee evokes visions of the Jew's heroic biblical

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past, finds new hope in the symbol of Deborah ("Awake, awake, Deborah; utter a song; arise and lead thy Captivity Captive . . .") and marches with others toward a time when the Jews will live "in the garden of universal brotherhood."

The difficulties confronting the dancer were many: mainly, a small group—only three women—impressed the suite into miniature proportions. The finale, "March of the Semite Women," for instance, while not wanting in spirit, lacked the sheer physical weight of numbers to give strength to the conclusion. Yet, within its slight framework, presenting the Jew as proud of his heritage and confident in the future, the suite had color and sensitiveness and deep feeling.

There was great lyrical beauty in the section called "Visions" for which credit must be given the three other performers, Aza Bard, Clara Nezin, and Frances Sunstein, all of whom danced excellently. "The Exile" remains an exquisitely wrought and tremendously moving solo by Miss Sokolow, one of the best in her entire repertoire. "Songs of a Semite" could stand reseeing.

THE amazing film *Dark Rapture*, released several years ago, gave American audiences a remarkable and authentic picture of the superior attainment of African culture—a culture which has influenced in no small way many basic trends in modern art, sculpture, dance, music. The African Dance Festival (Carnegie Hall, December 13) sponsored by the newly-formed African Academy of Arts and Research, did its bit to further one's high opinion of that continent's contribution to world culture.

Asadata Dafora, an African Negro residing in the United States, presented a folk opera—actually a series of folk songs and dances intertwined by the loosest of dramatic threads to tell a simple tale of a man selecting a bride, and the ensuing engagement of the entire village in the appropriate ceremonies attending the match.

Dafora made no commercial attempt to sensationalize his native material which has barely enough charm and physical ingenuousness in its own right to render it mildly pleasant to watch.

It seems to me, however, that the Academy would strengthen its own commendable purpose—"to foster good-will between the United States and Africa through a mutual exchange of cultural, social, and economic knowledge,"—if it would establish clearly for the audience that Africa is not *one* nation with one identical level of culture—but a vast teeming continent of Negro nations and tribes of varying cultural developments, etc. Nowhere in the printed program and even in the speeches of the evening was this broad aspect stressed and it might very well be along these lines that the Academy can best do the American people a great educational service.

Pearl Primus, as guest artist on the program, presented her theatricalized recreation of an African ritual. The biting incision of her movement and the intensity of her dramatic projection contrasted sharply with the more improvisational character of the folk material accumulated by Dafora and his group. She stopped the show.

FRANCIS STEUBEN.

Film Fare

HAPPY LAND, *Twentieth Century-Fox, directed by Irving Pichel, screen play by Kathryn Scola and Julien Josephson, adapted from the novel by MacKinlay Kantor. With Don Ameche, Harry Carey, Frances Dee, etc.*

"HAPPY LAND" is for the most part a valid attempt to turn the small-town idyll to wartime use. As an idyll it is strictly circumscribed in scope and eventfulness, but earnestness and honor of purpose remove the film from the bell-jar category it might otherwise occupy.

Heartfield, Iowa, "population 6,782, with prospects" has never had more than one drugstore and Lou Walsh runs the business. As far back as memory goes, none but a Walsh has ever run it. Before the present owner it was grandfather Walsh, now dead these twenty years, who presided over the plasters and the row upon row of Dr. Tom's Trusty Tonic. One day Lou gets a telegram from the Navy Department. His only son, Rusty, has gone down in action in the Pacific. There's not much point in Lou's going on. The familiar and loved routines of his life lose all meaning. His wife's sympathy, the priest's pleadings are equally futile. Whereupon, to win him from despondency, the spirit of his departed grandfather appears. With arms locked, shadow and substance, they stroll the Heartfield streets. Through their words we are able to reconstruct Rusty's life—from his first post-natal yelpings to his enlistment in the armed forces. And gradually Lou comes to the conclusion that perhaps Rusty has attained some measure of fulfillment and happiness even in the brief span of his years. Even to have lived out no more than youth in a democracy—this thought can blunt the edge of Lou's sorrow and return him to Heartfield and his neighbors.

As perhaps can be seen, even from this thin summary, *Happy Land* is both an abstraction and idealization of small-town existence. All conflicts and difficulties have been deliberately avoided. The mood of the retrospective idyll prevails throughout. This makes for a certain monotony, as incident is added to incident with nothing more dramatic than chronological procession to justify the structure. But there is an integrity in *Happy Land* that ranks it considerably higher in our esteem than Saroyan's *Human Comedy*, although the latter was in many respects a far more

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brilliantly manipulated performance.

The coupling of *Happy Land* and *Human Comedy* will not, we trust, appear unjustifiable. Their themes at first glance seem to be identical, the *mise-en-scene* similar. And in all fairness to the record it must be noted that *Happy Land* is heavily indebted to *Human Comedy* for several of its key plot devices. But its divergences—healthy ones—far overbalance the borrowings. For one, *Happy Land* does not betray a single evidence of the maudlin condescension that was one of the most objectionable features of *Human Comedy*, whose players were conceived as curiosae—lovable, but curiosae nevertheless. There can be no mistaking the genuine affection of the maker of *Happy Land* for its characters—which circumstance, more than any other, lends distinction to Irving Pichel's direction, the contributions of the sight and sound technicians, writers Kathryn Scola and Julian Josephson, and to the cast. But more important, *Happy Land*, with all its idealism (what could be a more characteristic expression than finding the solution to Lou's problems in a visitation from above?) is at bottom perfectly straight and solid. The prime motivation behind the making of the film is the need to sing America—an America, to be sure, not completely real, but not unreal—a land worthy of every sacrifice to nurture and preserve. This emphasis was hardly sounded, if at all, in *Human Comedy*. If anything, there was rather a lack of reality about the present war in that film. And to the extent that the war does figure, it puzzles us, never assumes polarity. Somehow we resent it as a nuisance, a mysterious affair that pops up every now and then to interfere temporarily with the Saroyan psalmody.

We have gone out of our way, perhaps, but only in order to provide a perspective from which the virtues of *Happy Land* can be seen more easily. As you have undoubtedly noticed, *Happy Land* came in for somewhat of a stiff panning in the press—left to right. It is a very simple matter to be impatient with *Happy Land* and damn it out of hand. The film is oversimplified to a fault—it is a sucker for a statistical blow to its well meaning heart. A collection of newspaper clippings selected at random from 1920-1941 would cause it considerable difficulty. Difficulties notwithstanding, *Happy Land* makes a genuine, and at times deeply moving, contribution to the rallying of a large stratum of Americans to the war effort. Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof. The film should be seen.

DANIEL PRENTISS.

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